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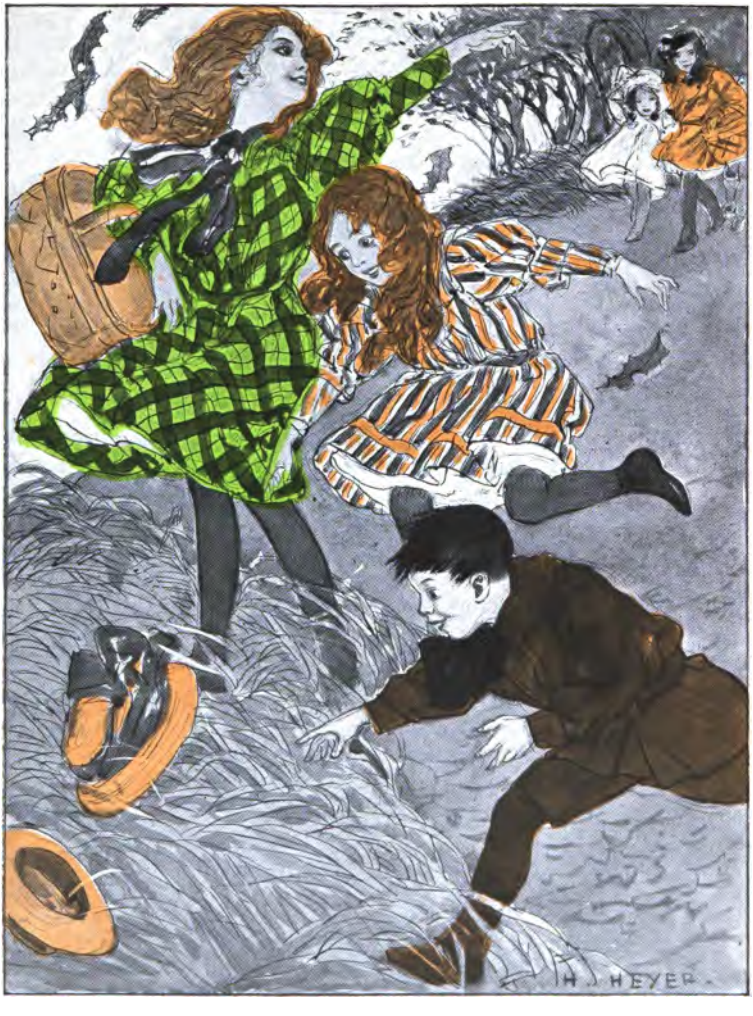

"THEY LAUGH AND SHOUT AS WEST WIND CATCHES THEIR HATS."
(From "The Wind.")

THE WIDE AWAKE SECOND READER

BY
Etta A. McDonald
CLARA MURRAY pseud.
AUTHOR OF "THE WIDE AWAKE PRIMER," "THE WIDE AWAKE FIRST READER," ETC.

BOSTON
LITTLE, BROWN, AND COMPANY
1914

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PREFACE

In making a reading-book for use in schools it is necessary to keep in mind three important essentials, — first the grading, second the quality, and third the child-interest of the material.

In a Second Reader there is more rapid growth in the vocabulary and a wider range of subject-matter than in the First Reader, but the pupils are still little children, advancing only a step at a time into the wide field of learning, and these steps must be so *graded* as to be short and easy for their little feet. So the lessons must at first be short and simple, and the progression to longer and more difficult work must be slow and steady.

The *quality* of the reading matter must be of the very best in order that the pupils may unconsciously cultivate a taste for good literature. We are fortunate in being able to offer in this book selections from such authors as Susan Coolidge, Laura E. Richards, and Mary E. Wilkins, authors whose stories for children are classics, and who know and interpret delightfully the interests of the little people.

Attention is called to the fact that practically all of the selections in the book are from copyrighted material that is not found in other school readers.

In reading, as in all other branches of study, the pupil must follow the natural order, — first observation, then thought, and then expression. The teacher must lead the pupil to observe accurately, think clearly, and express his thoughts correctly. It is especially important that the pupil should be able to do this before he begins the formal study of geography, and to prepare him for that work simple questions are given at the end of some of the lessons in this book. These he should read and answer without reference to the text.

The selections, "Nanee's Doll," "Story of the Seed Down," "The Birds' Christmas Tree," "The Forest Trees," "The Firefly Song," "The Three Wishes," and "The Pot of Gold," are used by arrangement with the Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Company. Our thanks are due to *The Woman's Home Companion* for permission to use "Two Good-night Verses" by Eleanor C. Hull.

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THE WIDE AWAKE SECOND READER

OLD FRIENDS

Good morning, little girls and boys.
We are glad to see your bright faces.

Did you have a good time this summer?
What did you do in the long summer vacation?
We are your story book friends.

Do you remember some of the stories we told you last year?

Do you remember the good times Ned and Jack had on the farm?

Ben is still living in the little house by the sea.

Ned and Jack went to visit him in August.

Ruth and Rose went to visit their grandmother in August.

They will like to tell you what they did in the long summer days.

Now our vacation is over.

We are all at work once more.

We are little story book children, and you are school children.

We will tell you many of the things we learned this summer.

Sometimes we will tell you stories, too.

We live in the "Land of Story Books."

Come and visit us often.

Our gate is locked, but the key is hidden in this little book.

WIDE AWAKE CHILDREN

We are wide awake children.

All summer long we played in the fields and woods.

We went to the sea-shore and played on the beach in the sand.

We saw big ships sailing on the ocean.

The waves rolled up and left pretty shells and pebbles on the sand for us.

When we were in the country we sailed our boats in the little brooks.

If it was a very hot day we took our luncheon to the woods.

There we watched the birds and squirrels.

Sometimes we saw a little rabbit running through the woods.

Sometimes we climbed the big hill behind Grandpa's barn.

We watched the sun go down in the west, and saw beautiful clouds in the sky.

Once we saw the sun rise in the morning.

Then there were red and gold clouds in the east.

We thought it was very, very early, but the birds were awake and singing their sweetest songs.

One morning it was cloudy.

Grandpa said, "I think it is going to rain. This is a good day to go fishing."

Grandma said, "If you are going fishing you must wear your old clothes and your rubber boots."

It did not take us long to get ready.

We rode down to the pond in the old wagon.

Then we got into Grandpa's boat, and he rowed us along the shore.

We saw a great many little fishes darting about in the water.

Ned tried to catch some of the little fishes in a pail, but they darted swiftly away into the deep water.

There were five mud turtles sitting on an old stump.

We rowed towards them, and Grandpa tried not to make any noise with the oars.

When they saw us coming, they slid off the stump into the water.

Oh, we saw a great many interesting things at the pond that day!

I will not tell you how many fish we caught.

THE HILL PASTURE

I told you that Jack and I saw the sun rise one morning.

Let me tell you how it happened.

We were both fast asleep. All at once we waked up and heard Grandpa calling us.

"Come, boys," he cried, "I am going to drive the cows to the hill pasture to-day. Are you going with me?"

Of course we were!

We jumped out of bed and were ready for breakfast in a very few minutes.

Grandpa had twenty cows he was going to drive to the hill pasture, and we were going to help him.

He gave us each a long stick, and we all started off together.

It was a lovely morning in June.

We were up before sunrise, but it was quite light.

There were red and gold clouds in the east.

The birds were flying about everywhere. Oh, how sweetly they did sing!

Once in a while the cows ran out of the road into the green meadow. Then how we shouted and ran after them!

The grass was wet as we ran through it with our bare feet!

Grandpa said, "There was a heavy dew last night."

When the sun rose, the dewdrops glistened and sparkled. They looked like diamonds in the grass.

The road was long and dusty. We were glad when we came to the brook.

The cows stopped to take a drink, and Jack and I splashed in the cool water.

At the foot of the hill the road turned and ran through the woods.

It was still and cool there, and the cows walked along quietly.

Halfway up the hill, at the other end of the woods, there was a big, rocky field.

"This is not our pasture," said Grandpa. "Our pasture is on the other slope of the hill."

Now the hill was steep, and the sun shone so brightly that it was very hot.

The bees buzzed loudly in our ears, and the grasshoppers jumped out everywhere.

We had to chase the cows all the time, and we climbed over the rocks and up and up the hill.

At last we reached the top.

"There is our pasture, boys," said Grandpa. "Run and let down the bars."

Then we drove the cows into the pasture, and Grandpa put up the bars.

We climbed back to the top of the hill and sat down under a big pine tree.

"This is a good place to rest," said Grandpa. "It is cool here, and there is a little breeze."

"I can see our house," said Jack. "There is the road, and the woods at the foot of the hill."

"I can see the brook," I cried. "How the water sparkles in the sunshine!"

"See how high the sun is now," said Grandpa. "What time do you think it is?"

"I think it is nearly dinner time," said Jack, and we both ran down the hill together.

What makes the grass wet in the early morning?

Why were the boys glad to go through the woods?

What made them hot, climbing the hill?

Where did they sit down to rest?

How did they know it was nearly dinner time?

THE HILL

"I cannot walk up this hill," said the little boy. "What will become of me? I must stay here all my life at the foot of the hill."

"That is a pity," said his sister. "But look,

little boy! I have found such a pleasant game to play."

"What is it?" asked the little boy, running to catch up with his sister.

"See my footprints in this dust," she said.

"How plain they are! Try and see if you can make some, too."

The little boy took a step.

"Mine is just as plain," he said.

"Do you think so?" said his sister. "See mine again, here. I step harder than you do, and so the footprint is deeper. Try again."

"*Now* mine is just as deep," cried the little boy. "See here, and here, and here. My footprints are just as deep as they can be."

"Yes, that is very well," said his sister. "Now it is my turn. Let me try again, and we shall see."

They kept on, step by step, matching their footprints.

They laughed to see the gray dust puff up between their bare toes.

By and by the little boy looked up.

"Why!" he said. "We are at the top of the hill."

"Dear me!" said his sister. "So we are."

— Laura E. Richards. (*Adapted.*)

THE VOICE OF SPRING

It was the Voice of Spring —
  That faint, far cry —
And birds began to sing,
  And winds blew by.

And up the blossoms got —
  They knew the call —
The blue Forget-me-not,
  The Lily, tall,

The Mayflowers, pink and white
  As any lass,
Sprang up, for heart's delight,
  Among the grass.

The happy world is fain
  To hail the feet
Of Spring, who comes again, —
  Spring that is sweet.

— Louise Chandler Moulton.

THE BROOK

Here is a little brook.

I think that I will run along beside it.

Now it is running over some big stones.

What a pretty noise the water makes. It sounds as if the brook were singing a song.

The brook is very narrow here.

I will jump across it and run down the other bank a little way.

Oh, what pretty flowers there are beside this little brook!

How green the grass is, too! Perhaps the grass and flowers like to grow beside the brook.

Here is a place where the water is very still and does not sing at all.

I can see some little fishes darting about in the still water.

When I try to catch them in my hand, the fishes swim away and hide under that big rock.

This would be a good place to go in wading, but I cannot stop for that this morning.

Now the brook is winding in and out among the bushes.

I found some pussy willows here last spring, and carried a big bunch of them to school.

How fast the water rushes down this little hill! It splashes over the rocks and sings a loud song again.

Here is a waterfall in the brook.

I must tell Jack about this waterfall. He has a wooden water-wheel.

He can put the wheel in the brook, and the water will turn it round and round.

I wonder where this water is going.

Papa says the brook flows down to the river, and the river flows into the ocean.

I wish I could run down to the ocean with you, pretty water.

What did Ned see as he ran along beside the little brook?

What did he hear?

What made the brook sing?

Where did the water run fast?

Where did the fishes like to swim?

What is a waterfall?

Did you ever see a brook, a river, or the ocean? Where?

"GO" AND "COME"

"Little boy," said his nurse, one day, "you would be happier if you were at work.

"Your garden needs weeding. Go now and weed it, like a good child."

But the little boy did not feel like weeding that day.

"I cannot do it," he said.

"Oh, yes, you can," said the nurse.

"Well, I don't want to," said the little boy.

"But you must," said the nurse. "Don't be naughty. Go at once and weed your garden."

Then the nurse went down to the kitchen to iron her apron.

But the little boy sat still and thought he was very unhappy.

By and by his mother came into the room and saw him.

"What is the matter, little boy?" she asked, for he looked like a three days' rain.

"Nurse told me to weed my garden," said the little boy.

"Oh," said his mother, "what fun that will be! I love to weed, and it is such a fine day. May I come and help you?"

"Why, yes," said the little boy, "you may."

And they weeded the garden beautifully and had a glorious time.

— Laura E. Richards. (*Adapted.*)

HICKORY, DICKORY, DOCK

It was very quiet all over the house.

Little Boy Blue was fast asleep, and dreaming of Santa Claus.

Boy Blue's father and mother were fast asleep, too, but I don't know what they were dreaming about.

"Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse."

Hark! Was that a mouse? Yes, I think it was. Some one was awake after all.

Mr. and Mrs. Mouse lived in a hole in the pantry wall.

They were talking quite loud now.

"Yes, we must move right away," Mrs. Mouse was saying. "This nest is not large enough for a family of six."

"That is true," said Mr. Mouse. "I can't get my tail in now, and when the babies grow, it will be still worse."

"But where shall we go?" said Mrs. Mouse.

"I will go house-hunting this very night, my dear," said Mr. Mouse.

"Be sure you find a large house where the cat cannot find us."

"Yes, indeed!" said Mr. Mouse. Then he ran through a little hole in the wall.

"Be careful, dear," called Mrs. Mouse, and she peeped through the hole and watched him out of sight.

Mr. Mouse ran across the kitchen floor into the dining room. It was very still.

Then he ran into the hall.

"This is too far from the kitchen," he thought.

"I am afraid the babies would have to go to bed hungry in here."

Then he went back into the dining room.

"This would be a good place for us," he thought. He looked all around the room. Where could he find a home?

It must be out of the reach of Pussy Cat, and big enough for Mrs. Mouse and her four babies.

What was that in the corner? It was like a box, only very, very tall.

Mr. Mouse certainly did not know what it was, but I will tell you.

It was Boy Blue's Grandfather's clock. It had stood in that corner a long, long time, but Mr. Mouse had never seen it before.

"I think I could make a good nest on top of that box," he thought. "Pussy Cat could not get up there, I know."

So Mr. Mouse began to run up the clock.

He heard it ticking very loudly. "Tick-tock, tick-tock!" it was saying.

"I wonder what that noise is," he said to himself. "I hope it doesn't make that noise in the daytime. It might keep the babies awake."

He climbed a little higher, looking this way and that way.

"I think Mrs. Mouse will like this," he said to himself.

Just then the clock struck one!

How Mr. Mouse trembled! He nearly fell off the clock, he was so frightened.

He took one jump down to the floor, and then he ran. Oh, how he ran!

Across the dining room, across the kitchen, across the pantry, and into his hole he ran!

"Oh, my dear, my dear!" cried his wife. "What is the matter? Did you see the dog? Was the cat chasing you?"

"No, no!" panted Mr. Mouse. "I was hunting for a house, and I climbed up on a tall box. Just as I had found the very place for us, there was an awful noise inside the box."

"That was a clock, my dear," said his wife. "It tells Boy Blue's mother when to have dinner, and when to put the baby to bed. I have heard her telling Boy Blue about it."

"I guess it was telling me it was time to go home," said Mr. Mouse, and they both laughed softly, so as not to wake the babies.

The next night Mr. Mouse went house-hunting in the barn.

There he found a very good home in a big box of grain, and that very night Mr. and Mrs. Mouse and the four babies moved into their new home.

— Mary Frances Blaisdell.

Hickory, dickory, dock!
The mouse ran up the clock.
The clock struck one,
And down he run,
Hickory, dickory, dock!

THE LITTLE BIRD

A little bird with feathers brown
Sat singing on a tree;
The song was very soft and low,
But sweet as it could be.

And all the people passing by,
Looked up to see the bird
That made the sweetest melody
That ever they had heard.

But all the bright eyes looked in vain,
For birdie was so small;
And with a modest dark brown coat,
He made no show at all.

"Why, Papa," little Gracie said,
"Where can this birdie be?
If I could sing a song like that,
I'd sit where folks could see."

"I hope my little girl will learn
A lesson from that bird,

And try to do what good she can,
Not to be seen or heard.

"So live, my child, all through your life,
That, be it short or long,
Though others may forget your looks,
They'll not forget your song."

— GEORGE MACDONALD

THE RAINBOW

Boats sail on the rivers,
And ships sail on the seas;
But clouds that sail across the sky
Are prettier far than these.

There are bridges on the rivers,
As pretty as you please;
But the bow that bridges heaven,
And overtops the trees,
And builds a road from earth to sky,
Is prettier far than these.

— CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

AT THE SEA-SHORE

There comes the train now! I can hear the whistle, and the bell is ringing.

Oh, Mamma, do you think Helen will come on this train? I cannot wait for the train to stop.

There is Helen, Mamma. She is looking out of that window.

Good morning, Helen. I am very glad to see you. I have been waiting for you a long time.

Did you bring your sunbonnet and your wooden pail and shovel?

What a good time we can have playing together on the beach.

I know a place where the sand is fine and white, and there are pretty, smooth pebbles.

Yesterday afternoon I played in the sand. I built a house and put a stone wall around it.

Here is the house where we live, and there is the beach and the ocean.

See the big waves roll up on the sand.

When it rains and the wind blows, the waves come up to our steps.

Sometimes there is a wide sandy beach between our house and the ocean.

Come with me, and I will show you the house I built yesterday.

We must put on our sunbonnets. The sun is very hot on the beach, and there is no shade.

There is my little sand house.

O dear, the waves have washed away the stone wall!

There is a big wave coming. We must run back or we shall get our feet wet.

That wave is going to wash away my house.

We cannot play here now. We will come this afternoon and hunt for shells and pebbles.

Sometimes the waves bring pretty shells and leave them on the sand.

See how blue the ocean is this morning.

There are three sail-boats. They look like big white birds sailing over the water.

Do you see those white waves out there on the water, Helen? Papa calls them "whitecaps."

When Mamma sees them she says, "The waves have put their nightcaps on."

Where did Grace build her sand house?

What happened to the house the next morning?

What do the waves sometimes leave on the beach?

What do the big sail-boats look like?

Why did the children put on their sunbonnets when they went to play on the beach?

What color is the ocean?

THE SAILOR-MAN

Once upon a time two children came to the house of a sailor-man who lived in a cottage beside the salt sea.

They found the sailor-man sitting at his doorway, knotting ropes.

"How do you do?" asked the sailor-man.

"We are very well, thank you," said the children. "We hope you are the same.

"We heard that you had a boat. We thought perhaps you would take us out in her and teach us how to sail."

"All in good time," said the sailor-man. "I am busy now. By and by, when my work is done, perhaps, I may take one of you, if you are ready to learn.

"Here are some ropes that need knotting. You might be doing that."

Then he showed them how to tie the knots, and went away and left them.

When he was gone, the little boy ran to the window and looked out.

"There is the sea," he said. "The waves

come up on the beach, almost to the door of the house. See how they come rolling and tumbling over and over each other.

"They run up all white, like prancing horses, and then they go dragging back. Come and look!"

"I cannot," said the little girl. "I am tying a knot."

"Oh!" cried the little boy. "I see the boat. She is dancing like a lady at a ball. I never saw such a beauty. Come and look!"

"I cannot," said the little girl. "I am tying a knot."

"I shall have a fine sail in that boat," said the little boy. "I think the sailor-man will take me, because I am older and I know more about it.

"I did not watch the sailor-man make the knots, because I know how already."

Just then the sailor-man came in.

"Well," he said, "my work is over. What have you been doing?"

"I have been looking at the boat," said the little boy. "What a beauty she is! I shall

have the best time in her that I ever had in my life."

"I have been tying knots," said the little girl.

"Come, then," said the sailor-man, and he held out his hand to the little girl.

"I will take you out in the boat and teach you to sail her."

"But I am older," cried the boy, "and I know a great deal more than she does."

"Perhaps you do," said the sailor-man, "but you must learn to tie a knot before you can learn to sail a boat."

"I have learned to tie a knot," cried the boy. "I know all about it."

"How can I tell that?" asked the sailor-man.

— Laura E. Richards. (*Adapted.*)

THE CLOUDS

Ben lives in a little house by the sea.

He lives with his old grandfather, who is a fisherman.

Ben often goes out in the big boat with his grandfather to catch fish.

Sometimes he stays at home alone. Then he likes to lie on the sand and look up at the clouds.

He likes to watch them go sailing across the blue sky.

Ben's grandfather watches the clouds, too. He watches them to see what the weather is going to be.

He knows how to read the clouds just as you know how to read this book.

Sometimes the clouds tell him that the wind is going to blow.

Sometimes they tell him that there will be a big storm. Then he stays at home with Ben, and they clean the boat and mend the sails.

Ben likes the summer clouds best. They are light and fleecy and float slowly across the sky at noon time.

Sometimes, if the day is very hot, big black clouds roll up in the west.

Then Ben knows there is going to be a shower, and he watches for his grandfather's boat.

In the morning, when the sun rises over the water, the clouds in the east have beautiful colors of red and gold.

At night, when the sun sets behind the hills in the west, the clouds are red, and gold, and all the colors of the rainbow.

On a rainy day in summer gray clouds cover all

the sky. Then Ben looks out of the window to see if he can see a bit of blue sky.

If he does, he shouts: "There is some blue sky, Grandpa. It is going to clear."

In March there are often wind clouds. These clouds are big and black. The wind rolls them up and drives them across the sky.

Ben has names for the clouds he knows. He calls them "sunrise and sunset clouds," "wind clouds," and "storm clouds."

The fleecy summer clouds he calls "little lambs" and the flying clouds he calls "horses."

Ben is going to be a fisherman some day, so he watches the clouds and learns to read them.

Are there any clouds in the sky to-day?
How do the sunset clouds look?
How do the rain clouds look?
What makes the clouds fly across the sky?
What does Ben call the fleecy summer clouds?
How do the wind clouds look?

NANEE'S DOLL

I

Nanee's home is in a lumber camp.

She is a little Indian girl. Her father is a wood-cutter in one of the camps.

Nanee's name is an Indian word and means "Laughing Breeze."

Perhaps she is called "Laughing Breeze" because she is always happy and runs about in the forest like a little breeze.

All the men at the camp are very fond of the little girl. They like to have her come into the forest with her father.

Sometimes they make a cradle for her out of a big piece of bark. Sometimes they give her a ride on one of the logs.

They tell her where to find berries and nuts, and make toys for her out of the big chips.

Every Christmas the lumbermen have a holiday. Last year they had a very jolly time.

First they had dinner in the big cabin. Then they all sat around the fire, telling stories and laughing and singing.

The next day one of the men said, "We forgot all about Nanee yesterday."

"That's so," said another, "but it is too late now to get a present for her."

Big Tom thought about it all the morning. He was very fond of "Laughing Breeze," and he wished to give her a Christmas present.

That very night he went to her father's cabin to see the little girl.

"Have you a doll?" he asked.

"A doll?" asked Nanee. "What is that?"

"A baby, a papoose," said Tom, laughing.

Nanee ran to a corner of the cabin. She came back with the funniest doll Tom had ever seen.

He laughed when he saw it. Then he took the doll in his big hand and looked at it.

It was made of a corn-cob, with corn silk for

hair. It had two kernels of corn for eyes, and one kernel for a mouth.

The doll was dressed in corn husks which Nanee's mother had dyed red and blue when she was dyeing a blanket for Nanee.

II

"Jump into my lap," said Tom, "and I will tell you about my sister's doll."

So Nanee heard for the first time about a real doll, with yellow hair and blue eyes and pretty pink cheeks.

She heard about the doll's dresses, which could be taken off and put on; and about a little trunk which belonged to the doll, and was full of pretty things.

Of course Nanee wanted a doll like that. Tom

tried to buy one for her at the camp store, but they had no such thing.

"What shall I do?" he thought. "Nanee must have a doll, now that I have told her about them." Then he had a happy thought.

"I will tell her mother how to make one out of cotton cloth and sawdust. I remember how my mother used to make dolls for my little sister," he said to himself.

So Tom bought some cloth at the store and got some dry sawdust at the mill.

Then he showed Nanee's mother how to cut out the doll and sew it and fill it with sawdust.

They made blue eyes with berry juice, and painted its nose, mouth, and cheeks with red dye.

"What shall we do for hair for our doll?" said Big Tom. "She would be ever so much prettier if she had some hair."

"I'll show you," said the Indian woman.

Then she got a piece of rope and untwisted it very carefully.

It made lovely curly hair, and she sewed it to the doll's head with many, many stitches.

Then she dressed the doll in a tiny red and blue blanket, just like Nanee's. Tom made two pairs of little slippers for it, and a pretty little fur cap.

Nanee's mother made a long string of red and blue beads and wound them around the doll's neck.

Wasn't Nanee a happy girl when she found Miss Dollie on her bed the next morning!

She ran at once to the lumber camp to show the doll to her friends.

"Isn't she lovely?" cried Nanee, holding her up for them to see. "And she's my very own!"

"Three cheers for the 'Belle of the Camp,'" said one of the men, and they gave three big cheers for the little papoose.

So Nanee had a Christmas present after all, if it was a little late.

THE DREAM GATE

Little white gate, little white gate,
Swing on your hinges and let me go through!
I see the green gardens, I smell the green gardens,
Children are there, and I want to come too!
Swing on your hinges and let me go through,
Little white gate!

Little white gate, little white gate,
Swing on your hinges and shut out the day —
The task and the trouble, the sums that look double,
The books and the lessons — Oh, shut them away!
Swing on your hinges and shut out the day,
Little white gate!

Little white gate, little white gate,
Keep you tight closed, now you've let me go through!
The gardens are bright with the lily's bells white.
The ruddy-cheeked roses are jeweled with dew.
Keep you tight closed, now you've let me go through
Little white gate!

RAIN IN SUMMER

Little Jack had been sitting at the window a long time.

He was watching the raindrops chase each other down the window-pane.

"I am glad it is raining to-day," he said. "Yesterday everything in our garden looked dry and thirsty.

"I wanted to water the garden last night, but Papa said he thought it would rain before morning.

"He said there were rain clouds in the west when the sun set.

"The grass and the flowers like the rain, I am sure, they look so fresh and bright.

"The little brook in the meadow was narrow yesterday afternoon. Mamma said it looked like a silver thread.

"I wish I could go down to see it, now. The water must be rushing and tumbling over the stones and singing a loud song.

"I know the fishes and frogs are glad it is raining. Now the fishes will have a good place to swim.

"Oh, Mamma, it has stopped raining! The clouds are hurrying toward the north, and I can see some blue sky in the west.

"There are five robins on our lawn. One of the robins has found a worm for his breakfast.

"A sparrow is taking a drink at our fountain. Three sparrows are taking a bath. See how they splash the water over their feathers.

"The sun is shining now. How beautiful everything looks after the rain!"

Where does the rain come from?
Why do the flowers like the rain?
How does the grass look after it rains?
Why do the birds like the rain?
What did the rain do for the brook?
Name all the things you can that like the rain.

AFTER SUMMER RAIN

After the summer rain
The air is sweet with the scent of flowers
Crushed by the beat of the silver showers;
And the birds come out of their leafy bowers
And sing as if it were spring again,
After the summer rain.

—Edith C. Banfield.

THE SHELL

If I were a little pink shell by the sea,
How happy and cool and contented I'd be!
In the pretty white sand I would nestle and lie
And play with the frolicsome waves going by;
They would whisper me secrets of things in the deep,
And forever those secrets I'd treasure and keep.

—Edith C. Banfield.

JACK'S GARDEN

This is Jack's birthday. He is nine years old.

His father gave him a wheelbarrow for a birthday present. His grandpa sent him a hoe, a rake, and a spade.

Now he is going to be a farmer boy.

He has put on his overalls and his big straw hat. He has put his tools into his wheelbarrow and is ready to go to work.

"Where are you going, Jack?" asked his father.

"I am going to plant some corn," said Jack. "I am going to raise corn and potatoes on my farm."

"I will go with you," said his father. "We must find a good place to plant your corn."

"I am not going to plant it in the sand bank," said Jack. "I know it will not grow there."

"Will it grow under the apple trees in the orchard?" asked his father.

"No," said Jack. "It will not grow under

the trees. The corn needs good soil and warm sun."

"The south slope of this little hill would be a

good place to plant your corn," said his father. "It is warm and sunny here, and the soil is good."

"Yes, this is a good place for my corn," said Jack.

"We will ask John to plow the ground and get it ready for planting," said his father.

"This morning you may help me plant some flower seeds near the house."

"Mamma bought some pansy plants," said

Jack. "Here they are, in these baskets. Where shall we set them?"

"Put them into your wheelbarrow," said his father. "We must set the pansies on the east side of the house. They do not like the hot afternoon sun."

"This would be a good place for morning-glories," said Jack. "Mamma says they like to open their eyes in the morning and look at the sun."

"This is good rich soil," said his father. "I hope we shall have some warm rains this spring. Then our seeds and plants will grow very fast."

Did you ever have a garden? Where?

What did you plant in your garden?

What kind of soil did you have?

Did your plants grow well?

Why did Jack plant pansies on the east side of the house?

Where did he plant morning-glories?

ROCK POND

Jack likes to read. His grandpa gave him a new book yesterday.

Last night he read some of the stories in the new book to his mother.

One story was about two boys who lived on a farm in the country.

There was a big pond near their father's farm. They had a sail-boat on the pond and knew how to sail it themselves.

Jack liked this story very much.

He had some little sail-boats, but he always had to sail them in a tub of water.

"I wish there were a pond on this farm," he said to his mother. "It would be great fun to sail my boats on a pond."

"You could make a little pond," said his mother. "To-morrow I will show you how to make one."

The next morning Jack put on his overalls and

his rubber boots. Then he put his spade and hoe into his wheelbarrow.

"First we must find a good place for the pond," said his mother.

They crossed the field behind the barn and climbed the hill until they came to the spring.

"Now we will follow the brook until we find a wide, level place for your pond," said his mother.

"There is not enough water here for a pond," said Jack.

"No," said his mother; "and the hill is too steep. The water runs swiftly over these stones."

After a little while they came to the meadow. The brook was quite wide now, and the water ran more slowly.

"Here is the place for your pond," said Jack's mother. "You can build a dam across the brook. Then you can dig away the bank on each side, and you will have a good big pond."

Jack worked hard all the morning. His mother sat under a big tree near by and watched him.

First he brought some rocks in his wheelbarrow and laid them across the brook.

Then he piled big stones on top of them to make the dam higher than the water. He filled the small holes between the rocks with stones.

"The water runs through the dam, Mother," said Jack. "I cannot fill all these cracks with stones, and the water finds its way through them."

"Dig away the banks of the brook above the dam," said his mother. "Then you can pile the earth up against the rocks, and the mud will fill all the cracks."

In a little while Jack shouted, "Look, Mother, the water has stopped running through the dam, and my pond is beginning to grow wider. This is going to be a fine pond."

At noon he told his father about the pond he had made down in the meadow.

"I am going to call it 'Rock Pond,'" he said, "because I made the dam with rocks.

"This afternoon I am going to take my biggest sail-boat down to the pond in my wheelbarrow. I am going to try sailing it on my own 'Rock Pond.'"

Did you ever build a dam? Where?

Where did Jack make a pond?

How did he build the dam?

What did he do to make the pond wider?

What did he do with the earth he dug away from the banks?

Do you know of any place where you could make a pond?

THE RAG MAN

Mother knew the secret. I am sure she did, because she was smiling to herself, but I did not guess it at all.

I was feeling very unhappy, because I had been sick in bed a whole week.

"Please, dear Mother," I said, "can't John and Philly come in from the nursery and play with me this afternoon?"

"Wait," said Mother, "and we shall see."

Just then there came a great big knocking at the door.

"Who can it be?" said Mother, trying not to laugh.

"The rag man, ma'am," somebody answered, in a great deep voice.

"Well, well," said Mother, "won't you come in, please? Perhaps I have some rags for you."

The rag man was very tall, as tall as father, only all bent over.

He came quite near my bed, which frightened me a little. He had on an old hat which hid his face. On his shoulders he had a big bag.

The bag moved a little and frightened me still more.

"I will look at your rags in a minute, ma'am," he said, in the same deep growling voice, "but first I should like to show this little boy what I have in my bag."

Then I said "Oh!" quickly, and almost screamed, for the rag man had come close up to my bed.

Who do you think it was?

It was really father himself, and in the bag were John and Philly.

They tumbled out and everybody laughed together.

Then they all had supper around my bed. The big black bag was only mother's shawl.

—Rosalind Richards.

"IT WAS FATHER HIMSELF, AND IN THE BAG WERE JOHN AND PHILLY."

LULLABY

Hush! the waves are rolling in,
White with foam, white with foam;
Father toils amid the din;
But baby sleeps at home.

Hush! the winds roar hoarse and deep, —
On they come, on they come!
Brother seeks the wandering sheep;
But baby sleeps at home.

Hush! the rain sweeps o'er the knowes,
Where they roam, where they roam;
Sister goes to seek the cows;
But baby sleeps at home.

— ANONYMOUS.

The pine trees sing dim lullabies,
And sweet watch keep
Over the new-born snow,
That lies asleep.

— EDITH C. BANFIELD.

PUSSY WILLOWS

Pussy willows shyly peeping,
Gaining courage, slyly creeping,
From their little coats looked out
To find what Nature was about.

Pussy willows, getting bolder,
Growing strong as they grew older,
Threw their old black coats away,
Showed soft, fuzzy robes of gray.

Pussy willows, nodding brightly
As the breezes brushed them lightly,
Played at hide and seek all day
With the sunbeams warm and gay.

Pussy willows, cloudy hours,
Reveled in the April showers,
Listened to the robin's call,
Watched the sunshine sift and fall.

Pussy willows, gold dust laden,
Caught the eye of passing maiden;
Ah, did April weep that day
For her booty borne away?

—Edith C. Banfield.

OUR ISLAND

"Oh, what a beautiful day this is!" said Robert.

John opened his eyes and looked out of the window to the lake.

The blue water was sparkling in the sunshine. There was a rowboat dancing on the waves.

Not far from the shore there was an island. It was not a very large island, but it looked cool and pretty out there on the water.

The boys had been to the island the day before. Their father had taken them in the rowboat.

"I wish we could live here all summer," Jack had said.

"We could come here every day," said his father. "I will see if I can get a tent and put it up under these trees."

When the boys looked out of the window, they looked first at their island and then at the boat.

"There is Papa," said Robert. "What is he putting into the boat?"

"It looks like a tent," said Jack. "Hurry, Robert! Papa must be going over to the island."

The boys dressed and ate their breakfast as quickly as they could.

Then they ran down to the lake. The tent was in the boat, and their father was waiting for them.

It did not take long to row over to the island.

Their father jumped out of the boat and pulled it up on the sand.

Then the boys helped him take out the tent.

It took a long time to find the best place for the tent and set it up.

"It is a big tent, isn't it, Papa?" said Jack. "I am sure that we could all sleep in this tent."

"Perhaps we will," said his father. "But first we must make some beds."

So they all went into the woods together and cut off branches of the pine and fir trees. They carried them to the tent and piled them up.

"How sweet these fir boughs smell," said John. "This will make a good big bed."

When they had finished the work in the tent, the boys ran down to the shore.

They found a place in the rocks where they could build a fire.

"If we should stay here all night," said John, "we could have a fire and cook our breakfast."

"Come, boys," called their father, "I am going

for a walk, now. I want to walk all the way around our island."

First they came to a sandy beach.

"This would be a good place to go in bathing," said John. "There are no stones to hurt our feet, and I like to sit down in the warm sand when I come out of the water."

Next they came to a place where the trees grew close to the water.

"Let us go ahead, Papa," said the boys. "We will make a path through the woods for you."

At the other end of the woods there was a hill.

They climbed up over the rocks to the top of the hill and looked off over the lake.

"There is our house," said Robert. "I can see Mamma sitting on the piazza."

"Perhaps she is thinking that it is time for us to come home," said his father.

"We will tell her all about our island and the tent and the sweet green beds," said Robert.

"I can see the boat down there on the beach,"

said Jack. "Let us see who will get into it first," and he started off down the hill as fast as he could go.

In a few minutes they were all in the boat, and their father was rowing toward home.

Jack took off his cap and waved it at the tent. "Good-by," he shouted. "We are going home now, but we will come back to-morrow and bring Mother."

What did John see when he looked out of the window?

How did the boys go over to the island?

What did they carry in the boat?

What did they do with the tent?

How did they make a bed?

Where did they go for a walk?

What could they see from the top of the hill?

MRS. GRASSHOPPER GAY

I

In the same field with Blackie Blackrat lived Mrs. Grasshopper Gay.

Mrs. Grasshopper Gay did not like to work. She said it soiled her fingers and spoiled her pretty green dress.

It made her very tired, too, — silly Mrs. Grasshopper Gay.

She sang and danced all the day long, and begged everybody to sing and dance with her.

"Why do you work?" said Mrs. Grasshopper Gay. "The sun is bright, the sky is blue, and the fields are full of flowers. Come and dance with me. Let us have a merry time."

"Dancing may be a very pleasant thing," said Mrs. Buzzing Bee. "But the summer will not last forever. I have my work to do!

"Buzz, buzz, buzz! I must gather nectar for honey, and pollen for bread.

"Then when the winter comes, my queen and the baby bees will have plenty to eat. You'd better work, too."

But Mrs. Grasshopper Gay only shook her head and laughed.

She said she did not believe there was any such thing as winter. If Mrs. Buzzing Bee wanted to work she could, but *she* wouldn't. No, indeed!

In a big hollow tree near by lived a family of squirrels. Mrs. Grasshopper Gay invited them to come down and dance with her.

But Mrs. Bushytail could not stop to dance. She was busy gathering nuts and storing them away for the cold winter time.

Still Mrs. Grasshopper Gay would not work.

She tossed her head and said: "I do not like to play with squirrels, anyway. Perhaps Mrs. Thrifty Ant will be glad to dance with me."

But Mrs. Thrifty Ant would not think of such a thing.

She smoothed out her tiny apron and looked at Mrs. Grasshopper Gay over her spectacles.

"I have work to do," she said. "It will keep me busy all summer. I have a great many children to feed, and they get hungry in winter as well as in summer."

So Mrs. Thrifty Ant picked up a crumb of bread much larger than herself, and tugged it into her home.

Mrs. Grasshopper Gay had to dance all alone, because everybody else had to work.

II

But the winter time came, much to the surprise of Mrs. Grasshopper Gay.

She was not ready for the winter.

She was cold and hungry, and she did not have one crumb to eat. She did not have a grain of sugar nor a drop of nectar.

"What shall I do?" said Mrs. Grasshopper Gay. "The cold makes me so stiff I can hardly hop a step. I do not like to beg. What shall I do?"

But something had to be done, because it began to snow.

Mrs. Grasshopper Gay hurried over to the tree where the bushy-tailed squirrels lived.

She knocked and knocked at their door, but they were fast asleep and did not hear her.

Then she went to the hive where Mrs. Buzzing Bee lived. She knocked and knocked, but the bees were fast asleep, too, and did not wake up.

There was only one more place to go. She hopped over to Mrs. Thrifty Ant's and knocked with a loud rap, tap, tap.

"What will you have?" said Mrs. Thrifty Ant, opening her door just a wee crack.

"Something to eat, please, — just a grain of wheat," said Mrs. Grasshopper Gay. "I will surely pay you back next summer."

"No," said Mrs. Thrifty Ant. "I am sorry for you, but I have only enough for my own family.

"How did you spend your summer? You danced and sang. I worked, you know. Good-by, Mrs. Grasshopper Gay."

Then she shut her door tight.

Of course that was not a kind thing to do, but Mrs. Grasshopper Gay had danced and played all summer, and Mrs. Thrifty Ant had told her that winter was coming.

I do not know what would have become of Mrs. Grasshopper Gay if dear little Blackie had not seen her.

He let her sleep in a crack of his log house and gave her something to eat.

When the summer time came, Mrs. Grasshopper Gay worked. She danced only *half* the day.

She and Mrs. Bushytail, and Mrs. Buzzing Bee, and Mrs. Thrifty Ant all grew to be the best of friends.

They all worked together. That was the best way. Don't you think so?

—Madge A. Bigham.

THE LITTLE NEW MOON

I spied, one noon,
A little new moon,
Like a cobweb floating up high;
But by and by,
When the day grew old,
It turned to gold,
And floated down out of the sky.

—Edith C. Banfield.

OCTOBER'S BRIGHT BLUE WEATHER

O suns and skies and clouds of June,
And flowers of June together,
Ye cannot rival for one hour
October's bright blue weather.

When on the ground red apples lie
In piles like jewels shining,
And redder still on old stone walls
Are leaves of woodbine twining;

* * * * *

When springs run low, and on the brooks,
In idle golden freighting,
Bright leaves sink noiseless in the hush
Of woods, for winter waiting;

O suns and skies and flowers of June,
Count all your boasts together,
Love loveth best of all the year
October's bright blue weather.

— HELEN HUNT JACKSON.

MRS. THRIFTY ANT'S FALL

I

Early one morning Mrs. Thrifty Ant went blackberry hunting.

She took her three smallest children — Reddy, Bright-eyes, and Busybody — with her.

They found some very fine juicy berries hanging over the side of the brook.

"Now, children," said Mrs. Thrifty Ant, "do be careful, and don't fall in. The juice of these berries will make very good jelly, and we will carry home all we can."

So they climbed up the bush, one behind the other, and ate all they wanted.

Then they started home with some to store away for the winter.

"Be careful, children, and don't fall into the water," said Mrs. Thrifty Ant.

Just that minute Mrs. Thrifty Ant did the very thing she was telling the children not to do.

She tumbled into the water, basket and all!

"Oh-o," said Reddy, "Mother has tumbled into the brook."

"Oh-o," said Busybody, "what shall we do?"

"Help her out," said Bright-eyes. They tried their very best, but they couldn't reach her.

"Help! help!" called Mrs. Thrifty Ant. "The water is getting into my eyes."

Jacky Limbo was very near, but Jacky did not hear her. He was so busy making a bow and arrow that he could not hear anything.

But a pretty white dove heard Mrs. Thrifty Ant. She had flown down to the brook to get a drink of cool water.

She heard Mrs. Thrifty Ant and Reddy and Busybody and Bright-eyes calling, "Help, help, help!"

"Wait a minute," said the pretty white dove. "Do not be afraid. I think I can help you."

She flew swiftly up to the tree and came back with a long leaf in her mouth.

She dropped the leaf into the water, close to Mrs. Thrifty Ant.

"There is a little bridge," she said. "Crawl up on that, and you can reach the bank."

So Mrs. Thrifty Ant climbed up on the leaf and soon reached the bank, where Reddy and Busybody and Bright-eyes stood waiting for her.

"Oh, Mother, do you think you will take cold?" asked Reddy. "You are just as wet as you can be."

"I guess not," said his mother. "You children can help me get dry. Think of my doing the very thing I told you not to do.

"Where is the kind dove who helped me get out of the brook? I wish to thank her for saving my life."

But the pretty white dove was nowhere to be seen.

"We will help her some day if we can," said Mrs. Thrifty Ant. "Perhaps we can do something for her sometime."

II

The very next week Mrs. Thrifty Ant and her children were in the woods hunting for berries.

They saw Jacky Limbo with his bow and arrow. He was looking for something to shoot.

The ants heard him say, "I am going to wait here by this tree until I see the white dove. I

will shoot her when she flies to the brook for a drink of water."

"That must be the white dove that helped me get out of the brook when I fell in," said Mrs. Thrifty Ant. "Jacky Limbo thinks he will shoot her. I must see about that!"

So she crawled up close to Jacky Limbo's bare foot, and then she stood and waited.

In a few minutes the white dove came flying by.

Just as Jacky Limbo raised his bow, Mrs. Thrifty Ant gave him a sharp sting on his big toe. It made him drop his bow and arrow in a hurry.

He danced all around the tree, saying: "Oh, oh, oh! Oh, my toe!"

While he was saying, "Oh, oh, oh!" the pretty white dove was flying away.

She was soon at home with her baby doves.

Then Mrs. Thrifty Ant picked up her basket and hurried after her children. She was very glad that she had saved the white dove's life.

—Madge A. Bigham.

THE WIND

How the wind blows!

The grass bends down and bows to him, and the flowers nod to him as he passes.

The trees wave their branches, and the leaves whisper to each other.

How the clouds fly across the sky! The wind is driving them very fast.

He is driving the sail-boats, too. They spread out their big sails and fly across the water.

West Wind is busy to-day. He is blowing the leaves from the trees and whirling them down the road.

He is scattering the seeds of the thistle and milkweed. He is throwing down nuts from the highest branches.

The children are hurrying to fill their baskets with the ripe nuts. They laugh and shout as West Wind catches their hats and dances over the fields with them.

There is a great deal of work for West Wind to do now.

Soon North Wind will blow. He will drive up the storm clouds and cover the ground with snow.

Jack Frost will come with him. He will cover the brooks and rivers with ice, and draw frost pictures on the window-panes.

Jack Frost and North Wind are great friends. They work together all winter, making icicles and piling up snowdrifts.

The children put on their warm coats and mittens and go coasting and skating. They are not afraid of Jack Frost and North Wind.

In the spring South Wind and East Wind have their work to do. They bring warm rains and sunny days.

They blow up April showers and push soft clouds across the blue sky.

Jack Frost is driven back to the cold North, where he must stay until another winter.

The snow and ice disappear, and the children put away their sleds and skates.

They hunt for flowers in the fields and woods, and watch for the birds to come back from the South.

Ned says he likes North Wind best. He likes the coasting and skating and the big snowstorms.

Ruth says she likes South Wind best. She likes the birds and the flowers and the warm spring days.

"Whichever way the wind doth blow
Some heart is glad to have it so.
Then blow it east, or blow it west,
The wind that blows, — that wind is best."

What does the north wind do?
What does the south wind do?
What does the east wind do?
What does the west wind do?
Which wind is blowing to-day?
Which wind do you like best?

SONG OF THE LITTLE WINDS

The birdies may sleep, but the winds must wake,
Early and late, for the birdies' sake.
Kissing them, fanning them, soft and sweet,
E'en till the dark and the dawning meet.

The flowers may sleep, but the winds must wake,
Early and late, for the flowers' sake.
Rocking the buds on the rose-mother's breast,
Swinging the hyacinth bells to rest.

The children may sleep, but the winds must wake,
Early and late, for the children's sake.
Singing so sweet in each little one's ear,
He thinks his mother's own song to hear.

—Laura E. Richards

THE OLD LEAF

I

All the world was full of drifting leaves, red and yellow and brown.

A big yellow leaf blew against the window-pane where Paul and Elsie were looking out at the rain.

The leaf stuck to the glass.

Paul looked at the leaf, and then he began to talk to it.

"Wouldn't you like to stay green and fresh on the tree?" he asked.

"It is time for us to fall," said the leaf.

"Aren't you sorry to fall off and have the wind blow you far away?"

"Oh, no!" said the leaf; "we have work to do now. The rain will fall on us and the snow will cover us.

"We shall crumble into leaf mold and make food for the flowers to live on next year."

Then the leaf dropped off the window and flew away.

The wind blew off more and more leaves until by and by there was only one left on the tree.

Then there came some warm, sunny days. It seemed as if summer had come back again.

The old leaf was dry and brown now, but it still clung to the tree.

When bedtime came, the children would say

good night to it. Every morning they ran to the window to see if it were still there.

"Don't you want to make leaf mold?" said Paul, one day.

The old leaf shook its head and said, "I must wait until my time comes."

Soon Jack Frost began to paint pictures on the window-panes. He drew ferns and flowers, trees and mountains and waterfalls.

One day there was a camel, and another day there was an elephant, with a little boy on his back.

But Paul could always find a little place on the window-pane where he could look out at his old friend, the leaf. It looked very faded and cracked, but still it clung to the twig.

II

Then, almost before you would believe it, it was the night before Christmas.

Paul and Elsie lay in bed dreaming of Santa Claus and his reindeer.

Their stockings hung beside the chimney. There was a candy cane sticking out of the top of each one, and a pile of presents on the floor.

As soon as it was light, the two children jumped out of bed and ran to get their stockings.

What fun it was to look at their presents and show them to each other!

There are twenty-four hours in Christmas Day, just like any other day, but they are very short hours.

Almost in a minute it was time for the turkey; in another minute it was dark, and then came the tree!

How beautiful it was! There were tiny, lighted candles, strings of popcorn, and a shining gold star on top.

Paul and Elsie, and all their little cousins, danced around it, singing:—

"There's a wonderful tree,
A wonderful tree,
The happy children rejoice to see;
Spreading its branches far and near;
It comes from the forest
To blossom here.

"And this wonderful tree,
With its branches wide,
Is always blooming
At Christmastide."

There was a red sled on the tree for Paul, and a big wax doll for Elsie.

There were so many other presents that it was

long after bedtime when the children went upstairs.

Paul was so tired that he went to sleep the minute his curly head touched the pillow.

III

By and by he woke up. It was midnight and the house was very still.

He heard the wind whistling around the corner of the house.

All at once he remembered that he had gone to bed without saying good night to the old leaf.

He felt very sorry to think that the new toys had made him forget his old friend.

When he tried to go to sleep, he kept wondering what the leaf had thought when no little boy came to look at it at bedtime.

"What if the leaf should be gone in the morning," he thought, "and I should never see it again!"

Paul could bear it no longer. He jumped out of bed and ran across the hall.

Then he put up the curtain and looked out of the window.

The sky was sprinkled with cold white stars, and the old leaf was swinging in the moonlight.

"Oh," said Paul, "I am so glad that you are there! I was afraid you might be gone. Good night, dear leaf."

Just then the old leaf dropped off the twig and fluttered straight toward Paul.

It struck the window with a sharp tap.

"Good-by, Paul. Go to sleep now," it said, and then it sailed away.

"Good-by, good-by," he called, and watched it fly over the white fields of snow and out of sight.

Then Paul crept back to bed again and went to sleep.

In the morning Elsie ran to the window and looked out. "Oh, look!" she cried. "The old leaf is gone."

But Paul said nothing. He knew all about it.

— Grace E. Ward. (*Adapted.*)

THE STORY OF THE SEED-DOWN

I

The seed-down floated over the fields and meadows, across the brook, and down the long road.

It was a lovely autumn day. The trees were dressed in red and yellow. The roadside was gay with flowers.

The autumn wind carried the seed-down in his strong arms.

"You shall lie here, little seed," said he, at last. So he laid it down gently and covered it with a yellow leaf.

Then he flew away because he had so much work to do.

Soon something heavy came and pressed the downy seed into the earth.

It was a man's boot, but the little seed was hidden under a leaf and could not see it.

The cold weather came and the snow was deep, but the seed lay still and waited.

When the spring came and the snow melted, a little plant shot up out of the earth.

It was growing beside a cottage, but it could

not see out into the world, the yard was so full of rubbish.

The window was so dusty that it could not even peep into the cottage.

"Who lives here?" asked the little plant.

"Don't you know?" asked a ragged shoe, which lay near. "The blacksmith lives here."

Then she told how dusty and dirty it was inside the cottage, and how unhappy every one was.

The shoe could talk very well, you see, she had such a good tongue.

Now two ragged children came into the yard.

"That boy is six years old and the girl is eight," said the shoe. "They are the smith's children."

"Oh, see what a pretty plant!" said the girl.

"I shall pull it up," said the boy.

"No, no; do not do that!" cried the little girl. "We must let it grow. See what big green leaves it has! Perhaps it will have some flowers."

So the plant was allowed to live.

The children took a stick and dug the earth up around it. Then they threw some of the rubbish into another corner of the yard.

II

The plant held up its leaves to the sunshine and grew a little every day.

"Look, look!" said the children, when they came again. "How beautiful our plant is now!"

"Come, father, come! We have found something pretty. Come and see it," said Elsa.

The father looked at the plant growing among the rubbish.

"It looks very untidy here," he said to himself. Then he went along to his work, but he was thinking of the pretty little plant.

The children ran into the house.

"Mother," said Hans, "there is such a lovely plant right in front of the window."

The mother tried to see it, but the window was so dusty that she could not see a thing.

She wiped off a little spot with her apron. When she saw how dirty the window looked beside the clean spot, she cleaned the whole window.

"That is an odd plant," she said; "but how untidy it is in the yard!"

Now that the sun could shine in through the window it was very light in the cottage.

The mother looked at the ragged children, the dirty floor, and the dust on everything.

"It is a shame," said she, "I never noticed that it was so untidy here."

She hurried around and put everything away. Then she swept and washed the floor and cleaned the room.

When the blacksmith came home from work, a good supper was on the table, and his wife was mending Elsa's dress.

"Good evening," he said, in surprise.

"Welcome home," said his wife. She had not said this for a long time.

After supper the blacksmith looked at his two children who were asleep on the bed. Then he looked out of the window at the little plant. After a few minutes he went out.

His wife had been hoping that he would stay at home that evening. Two tears fell on Elsa's dress.

Very soon she heard a noise. She went to the window to see what it could be.

Her husband had not gone away. He was cleaning up the yard!

He looked in through the window and saw her. She nodded and he nodded, then they both smiled.

"Be very careful of the little plant," she said.

III

Warm, sunny days came. The yard was green and lovely, and everything in the cottage was bright and clean.

Under the window was a flower bed with many blossoms, but among them was the little plant the autumn wind had brought.

The blacksmith stayed at home every evening.

One evening the whole family went out to look at the flowers.

"The plant Hans and I found is the most beautiful of them all," said Elsa.

"Yes, indeed, it is," said her father.

He bent down and took one of the leaves carefully in his hand. "Your little plant is going to blossom," he said. "Here is a big bud."

The next morning the bud had opened, and the plant was holding up a beautiful white flower.

"How lovely it is!" cried the children.

"How lovely our home is!" said the mother. "This little plant has brought us much happiness."

—Anna von Rydingsvärd.

He prayeth best who loveth best,
All things both great and small;
But the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

—Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

THE FIVE LITTLE PIGS

I

Ellen was riding on the back of the white gander.

It was Mother Goose's white gander. She had invited Ellen to go for a ride with him.

The gander was flying swiftly over the fields and meadows. Ellen saw a spot of red among the green trees.

"I wonder what that is," she said. The gander stopped so that Ellen could look at it.

It was a little red brick house. Around it there were other houses that looked as if they were built of wood.

Suddenly Ellen heard a cry.

"Oh, what is that?" she said. "It sounds like a pig. I am afraid some one is hurting it."

"Do you want to go and see what it is?" asked the gander.

Ellen said she did, so the gander flew down to the ground.

They found it was a little pig that was making the noise, but Ellen could not see why he was squealing so loudly.

He was sitting under an oak tree, with his eyes shut tight and the tears running down his cheeks.

All at once he stopped squealing. He got up and began to hunt for acorns and to eat them as if they tasted very good.

"What is the matter, you poor little pig?" said Ellen.

When the pig heard Ellen's voice he looked up. As soon as he saw her he began squealing again. "Wee, wee, wee!" he cried; "I can't find my way home!"

"Where do you live?" said Ellen, but the pig was making so much noise that he did not hear her.

"Where do you live?" she said again.

Then she shouted "hush!" so loudly that the little pig stopped crying, with his mouth half open, and the tears standing in his eyes.

"Where do you live?" she asked, for the third time.

"I live in the little house near the brick house," answered the little pig.

"Isn't that it?" said Ellen, pointing to one of the houses she had flown over.

The little pig looked at it. "Why, so it is," he cried.

Then, curling up his little tail, he trotted away toward home.

The white gander flew along beside him, and Ellen went on talking to the little pig.

"Why didn't you see it before?" she asked.

"I was coming home from market with my brother and I stopped to eat some acorns. My brother would not wait for me, and so I got lost."

"But why didn't you look for your house?"

"I couldn't look," said the little pig, "because I was hunting for acorns. Then I began to cry, and then I hunted for some more acorns."

Ellen could not help laughing. "I think I will go home with you, or you may get lost again," she said.

"How many brothers have you?" she added.

"Four," answered the pig. "One of them is going to have roast beef for dinner."

Suddenly he sat down and began to cry again.

"What *is* the matter now?" asked Ellen.

"Wee, wee! Perhaps he has eaten it," squealed the little pig.

"You'd better hurry home and see. If you sit here and cry, I know you won't get any."

This made the little pig jump up and start for home as fast as his short legs could carry him.

II

When Ellen and the little pig reached the house next to the brick one, another pig was standing at the door.

"You naughty little pig," he said. "Why didn't you come home with me?"

The little pig did not answer this question.

"Has Middling finished his roast beef?" he asked.

"There is some fat left."

The little pig hurried in through the door.

"Is this your house?" asked Ellen.

"Yes," grunted the big pig.

Then three other pigs came to the door. They all stared at the little girl.

"It is a pretty little house," said Ellen.

"Would you like to look inside?" asked the largest pig.

"Yes, if you please," said Ellen. So she jumped off the gander's back and looked in at the door.

The little pig was sitting at the table, eating roast beef as fast as he could.

"It is a very pretty house," she said again.

Then she looked at the other houses. "Who lives in all these houses?" she asked.

"In that big brick house lives another pig,"

answered Middling. "Sometimes he comes to see us, but he does not come very often, because he is in a story and we are only in a rhyme."

"What story is he in?" asked Ellen.

"He is in the story of the wolf that huffed and puffed and blew the house in."

"Oh, yes, I know that story," said Ellen. "Who lives in the next house?"

"The seven little goslings live there. A wolf ate them once, but their mother cut him open while he was asleep, and they all jumped out."

"Who lives in the little house with chimneys like pointed ears?"

"An old cat. She is very cross. Once she boxed her kittens' ears, just because they lost their mittens."

"What fun you must have together," Ellen said.

The pigs looked at each other and grunted.

"We would have fun," said Ringling, "if it were not for an old goat that lives in a cave at the end of the street."

"He is always playing tricks on us," said Thumbie.

"What does he do?" asked Ellen.

"He painted all our dolls," said Middling.

"Have you any dolls?" cried Ellen, in surprise.

"Oh, yes," said Ringling, "I will show them to you;" and he ran into the house to get them.

When he brought them out, Ellen thought they were the queerest dolls that she had ever seen.

They were tiny wooden pigs, but they were all painted the funniest colors!

One was bright purple, with a yellow nose, one was green with red legs, and another was sky-blue, spotted with pink.

"Did the goat paint them that way?" asked Ellen.

"Yes, he did," said Middling.

"Does he play tricks on your friends?"

"Oh, yes; he plays tricks on every one," said Thumbie. "He tried to play a trick on the three bears one day last week.

"He went to the bears' house and hid under the little bear's bed. When the bears came home they could see the goat's eyes shining under the bed, but they did not know who it was.

"Busy Bee said he would go and see, so he flew under the bed and stung the goat on the head. Then the goat jumped out and ran home.

"I *do* wish somebody would make him go away."

"I know how you can make him go away," said the white gander.

"How?" asked Ellen.

Then the gander told his plan, while Ellen and the five little pigs listened.

"Good, good!" cried the pigs, when they had heard it, and they jumped up and clapped their feet together.

Ellen thought it was a good plan, too, and she said she would do just as the gander told her.

The pigs showed her where the goat lived, and then they ran back home.

III

Ellen knocked on the goat's door.

"Who is that knocking on my door?" said the goat, in a very gruff voice.

"A friend," said Ellen, and she pushed open the door and walked in.

The goat was sitting on a pile of straw at the farther end of the cave. He looked very big and ugly.

"What are you coming in here for?" he asked.

Ellen was frightened, but she tried to be brave.

"I have come to ask you if you won't please go away and find some other place to live."

"What!" shouted the goat.

"You play so many tricks that all the animals want you to go away, and I told the five little pigs that I would come and tell you."

"I won't go," said the goat.

"You must," said Ellen.

"But I won't," shouted the goat.

Then Ellen did what the gander had told her to do. She put her hands up to her mouth and buzzed like a bee.

The goat was terribly frightened. Ever since Busy Bee had stung him in the bears' house, he did not like to hear a bee buzz.

"Oh, don't sting me," he cried. "Please don't sting me. I'll do whatever you wish."

"Then come with me," said Ellen, "and I will not hurt you."

"What are you going to do with me?" asked the goat, coming up to her.

"I am going to take you home with me, and you shall be my pet goat," said Ellen.

Then she tied a rope around his neck and led him out of the cave.

The little pigs had told their friends what Ellen was going to do, so they were all standing at their doors watching for her.

Ellen bowed to the animals as she walked down the street. How glad they were to see the goat walking quietly beside her!

When Ellen reached the pigs' house, Middling ran out and put something into her hand.

"It is a present for you," he whispered.

Then he ran back, clapping his heels together and squealing for joy.

The present he had given Ellen was the prettiest of the little wooden pigs, — the one that was painted sky-blue, with pink spots.

— KATHARINE PYLE. (*Adapted.*)

THE SNOWSTORM

It was a cold day in November.

The clouds were thick and gray, and we could not see the sun.

"It looks like snow," said Mamma, as she looked out of the window.

"It looks like snow," said Papa, as he buttoned his coat to go to the city.

"It looks like snow," said Robert; and he went out to the barn to find his sled "Racer."

Soon a few little flakes of snow came floating slowly down. The ground was bare and frozen, and the little snowflakes lay where they fell.

The North Wind came along, bringing more and more tiny flakes.

He puffed out his cheeks and blew the snow across the fields and meadows.

The North Wind liked the snowflakes. He liked to play with them and drive them into big piles near the houses.

He blew them into the children's faces, and made their cheeks bright and rosy.

How the children shouted when the first white flakes came down!

They caught them on their coat sleeves, and tried to find tiny stars.

"Every one of these stars has six points," said Robert. "Papa says that all the snow stars have six points. He showed me some pictures of them this morning."

In a little while the ground was covered with snow. It made a warm white blanket for the earth.

The roots of the grass and flowers cuddled down to sleep through the long cold winter. It was warm under that soft white blanket.

The snow came down faster and faster. The flakes looked like feathers floating in the air.

They piled up drifts in the corners. They covered the trees, and the fences, and the roofs of the houses.

All the world was white and beautiful.

Little Sister stood at the window and watched the big feathery flakes falling so softly from the clouds.

"What will the little birds do now, Mamma?" she said. "They cannot find anything to eat."

"Most of the birds have gone to the warm South, dear," said Mamma. "The little snow birds and sparrows are not afraid of the cold weather. They stay with us all winter.

"You may put some crumbs out on the snow every morning for them. You will like to watch them come for their breakfast."

Robert came running in to show Little Sister the snow stars on his coat sleeve.

They melted quickly in the warm room.

"Look, Mamma," he said; "the snow stars are little drops of water."

"Yes," said his mother; "the snow flakes are drops of water that have frozen in the clouds. Jack Frost is their playmate and friend."

"I like Jack Frost," said Robert. "Hurrah for winter and a big snowstorm!"

Do you know
Why the snow
Is hurrying through the garden so?
Just to spread
A nice soft bed
For the sleepy little flower's head.
To cuddle down the baby ferns, and smooth the lily's sheet,
And tuck a warm white blanket down around the rose's feet.

— SELECTED.

How do the clouds look when it is going to snow?

What does the North Wind do with the snow?

What did the children catch on their coat sleeves?

How many points has a snow star?

Where does the snow come from?

What does the snow do for the grass and flowers?

SEPTEMBER

The golden-rod is yellow;
The corn is turning brown;
The trees in apple orchards
With fruit are bending down.

The gentian's bluest fringes
Are curling in the sun;
In dusty pods the milkweed
Its hidden silk has spun.

* * * * *

From dewy lanes at morning
The grapes' sweet odors rise;
At noon the roads all flutter
With yellow butterflies.

By all these lovely tokens
September days are here,
With summer's best of weather,
And autumn's best of cheer.

— Helen Hunt Jackson.

THE BIRDS' CHRISTMAS TREE

Lars and Sophie were born in Norway.

When Lars was nine years old, and Sophie was seven, their father and mother came to live in America.

Lars liked the long journey across the land and water. He had a fine time on the big boat that brought them across the ocean.

But little Sophie was seasick and homesick, and the father and mother were glad when they had a new home in the strange land.

Then the little boy and girl went to school for the first time.

How strange it all was! There were so many children, and they wore such funny clothes.

Lars could not understand one word the teacher said, and Sophie was so lonely and unhappy that she cried.

Oh, it was very strange and sad!

But in a little while the children could under-

THE BIRDS' CHRISTMAS TREE.

stand the teacher, and could play with the other boys and girls.

Then they liked to go to school, and they had a good time every day.

They liked it best of all when the cold weather came and the ground was covered with snow.

"Now this seems like home," said Lars. "This is like our home in Norway.

"Don't you remember what fun we used to have, Sophie?

"I wish we had brought my skees. I don't believe the boys ever saw any skees. Perhaps our father will make some for us."

On Christmas morning the children jumped out of bed and ran to the window.

"It snows! It snows!" cried Lars. "This is just the best kind of a Christmas Day!"

"See all the snow birds," said Sophie. "They must be hungry. I wonder if they have had their breakfast."

"Oh, I know what we can do!" said Lars. "We

can give them a Christmas tree, just as we always did in Norway. Hurry, hurry, Sophie! It will be great fun."

As soon as the two children had eaten their breakfast they ran down to the corner and bought a little fir tree of the old woman who sold toys and candy.

They carried the tree home and stood it in the front yard in the snow.

They piled the snow all around it, so that it would stand straight and firm.

"Now what shall we hang on the birds' tree?" said Sophie. "We must ask our mother for something for the birds."

So they went into the kitchen. Their mother gave them some crackers, some bits of dried bread, and a few apples.

They hung the crackers and bits of bread on the branches of the little fir tree. Then they cut the apples in thick slices and fastened them to the twigs.

Last of all they scattered some crumbs and grain on the snow around the tree.

"Come, now," said Lars, "we will hide behind the steps and watch for the birds."

In a few minutes a little brown sparrow flew to the tree. He hopped about among the branches.

First he tasted a bit of bread, then he pecked at a slice of apple, then he flew away.

"Oh, dear!" sighed Sophie. "The birds do not like their Christmas tree."

"Perhaps they never saw one before," said Lars. "Just wait a little longer, and do not make a bit of noise."

So the children kept very still, and watched and waited.

"Look, look, Lars!" whispered Sophie. "There is a little bird. One, two, three, four, five. There are five birds in the tree now."

"Isn't it fun," said Lars. "These birds like a Christmas tree as well as the birds in Norway."

Soon two more birds came, and then three

more. In a little while there were more birds than they could count.

How the birds twittered and chattered. They ate first a bit of apple, then a bit of bread.

The tree was full of birds. The snow was brown with them.

"What a fine Christmas," said Lars. "I wish it were Christmas every day."

"I guess the birds wish so, too," said Sophie. "Let's play it is."

"Yes, yes!" said Lars. "What fun it will be to have Christmas every day all winter! Let's tell mother about it."

So the children ran into the kitchen, laughing and shouting.

The birds hopped about the tree, picking and pecking, until they had eaten every crumb of their Christmas presents.

They liked a Norway Christmas, I know.

THE BEST PARTY

It was raining.

Mamma and Baby were asleep, and Nurse was in the kitchen.

"I think that I will go to the party again," said Nancy to herself.

She dragged a chair up to the bureau and climbed up on it. Then she opened the top drawer and took out her pink sash.

"I think my hands are clean," she said. "Nurse washes them very often."

She could not tie the pink sash herself, so she wound it round and round her blue apron, and pinned it with a big pin.

Then she put on her bonnet and coat and went down the stairs very softly.

It was raining hard when she opened the door.

"I will run fast," she thought, "and I shall not get wet, I guess." So she hurried down the steps and ran across the street.

In another minute she was ringing the bell at Miss Crewe's house. A tall lady opened the door and looked down at her.

"How do you do?" said Nancy, with a smile. "I have come to your party again. I liked it very much."

"Party?" said Miss Crewe. "The party was yesterday! My little niece has gone home now, and there are no children here for you to play with."

"Oh, yes, I came to the party yesterday," said Nancy. "I liked it a great deal, and I have come to it again.

"Will you please unbutton my coat? I am afraid it is wet, and I cannot take it off myself."

Miss Crewe took off the coat and bonnet.

"Why, child, you are very wet," she said.

Then she took the little girl on her knee, and held the small wet shoes up to the fire.

"So you liked my party," she asked, "and wanted to come again?"

"Yes," said the little girl.

"Well, then, you and I will have a little party together."

It was a very nice party.

First they played with a box of blocks that would make tables, and chairs, and beds, and bureaus.

Then Miss Crewe showed Nancy the big music box, and made it play ever so many pretty tunes.

By and by it began to grow dark.

Miss Crewe rang a bell, and Ellen came in with some chocolate and a plate of cookies.

Nancy sat in a little chair and drank the hot chocolate out of a tiny cup.

Chocolate and cookies at a party are so much better than bread and milk at home.

When Nancy had eaten all her cookies she leaned back in her chair and looked at Miss Crewe.

"I love you," she said. "I like cookies and chocolate. I like this kind of a party, too."

"I like it myself," said Miss Crewe, and she gave Nancy another cooky and a big peppermint.

Just then the doorbell rang and in came Mamma and Nurse.

"Why, Nancy, what made you run away?" said her mamma.

"I did not run away," said Nancy. "I came to the party again."

Then Miss Crewe told Nancy's mother what a good time they had been having together.

Nurse put on the little girl's coat and rubbers, and tied her bonnet under her chin.

"Good-by, Miss Crewe," said Nancy. "I love you, and I like your party. I will come again some day. I think this was the best party."

"So do I," said Miss Crewe, and she took the little girl up in her arms and kissed her.

— Rosalind Richards. (*Adapted.*)

THE COUNTRY CHILDREN

Ruth and Jack live in the country.

They play in the woods and fields, and have flowers and birds and squirrels for their friends.

They know where the birds build their nests, and where the prettiest flowers grow.

Early in the spring they run into the fields to find the first dandelions.

They like to run through the green grass and find the yellow faces looking up at them.

Sometimes they find blue violets on the sunny slopes. The little flowers hide in the grass, but the children know where to find them.

In the warm June days they find buttercups and daisies in the fields.

The grass is tall then, but the buttercups and daisies have long stems, and are taller than the grass.

The children see the white strawberry blossoms

but they do not pick them. They would rather wait for the sweet wild strawberries.

Ruth knows where the blue-eyed forget-me-nots grow.

Forget-me-nots grow best in the moist earth of the meadow. Ruth finds them in the meadow by the side of the brook.

Yellow cowslips grow in the little brook. Jack takes off his shoes and stockings and wades about in the water, picking big bunches of the bright blossoms.

In summer the children take their pails and go to the pasture on the hillside. There they find blueberries and sweet red raspberries.

A little later they go to the pasture for ripe blackberries.

In September the hillside is gay with the bright blossoms of golden-rod and asters.

Then Ruth and Jack gather armfuls of the golden blossoms and take them home. Their mother says they make sunshine in a cloudy day.

Jack knows just where to find the very biggest chestnuts.

As soon as the frost opens the chestnut burs he takes a bag and goes off to the woods.

Ruth goes with him and helps him fill the bag with the brown nuts.

They gather walnuts and butternuts, too, and

put them away in the attic. Then in the long winter evenings they crack the nuts and eat them or put them into the candy their mother helps them make.

When the flowers are all gone and the nuts are all gathered, the children go to the woods again. This time they search on the ground under the pine trees for running evergreens.

They fill big baskets with the pretty greens and take them home to make Christmas wreaths.

The children who live in the country can always find something pleasant to do.

Where do you live?
Do you know where to find pretty flowers?
Where do you find dandelions?
Do you know where to find blue violets?
Where do buttercups grow?
Did you ever pick any berries?
Where did you find them?

THE CITY CHILDREN

Helen and Robert live in the city.

They cannot go into the woods and fields to gather flowers and berries.

They do not know where the birds build their nests, nor where the squirrels hide their nuts for the winter.

But Helen and Robert have many good times in the city. They each have a bicycle and they like to go for long rides.

Sometimes they ride as far as the park. In the park there are big cages of wild animals.

Robert likes to watch the monkeys and the bears. Helen likes to look at the beautiful birds, and hear the parrots scold and chatter at each other.

There are big swan-boats on the little pond in the park.

The children like to ride around the pond in the swan-boats.

In the winter they go to the park and skate on the little pond.

Helen and Robert skate in the summer, too. They have roller-skates, and skate on the smooth roads and sidewalks.

Sometimes their mother takes them on long car rides. They go to the sea-shore, and play all day on the sandy beach.

They like to go home in the steamer. It is great fun to sit on the deck and watch the little boats and the big ships sail past them.

The children who live in the city can always find something pleasant to do.

Do you live in the city?

What games do you play?

Do you go skating in winter?

Is there a park near your home?

Is there a pond in the park?

What do you do on Saturday?

What do you do in the summer vacation?

THE COUNTRY CHILD'S GOOD-NIGHT

Good night, dear hills! so still you lie
Against the bosom of the sky,
I know you must be fast asleep,
And all night long the stars will keep
  Their tender watches over you,
  So must I soon be sleeping, too.

Good night, dear hills, for now I go
To slumber, trustfully and slow;
But bed-time must be cheerless, gray,
To those who can't look out and say,
  (My heart with pitying it fills!)
  One good-night to the friendly hills.

— ELEANOR C. HULL.

THE CITY CHILD'S GOOD-NIGHT

Good night, dear, noisy, happy street!
The clanging bells and hurried feet,
When I am safely tucked in bed
And all the daytime thoughts are fled,
  Are just like music to my ears,
  And drive away the night-time fears.

Good night, dear street. Your lights so bright
Shine in my window all the night,
And company they are to me.
But oh! how lonely it must be
  Beyond the city and the park
  When everything is still and dark.

— Eleanor C. Hull.

THE FOREST TREES

Summer was over, and the autumn wind blew over field and forest.

All the trees were beautiful in their dresses of red, yellow, and gold.

Many of the birds had gone to warmer lands. Some had made their homes in the forest trees. They knew that the cold, snowy winter days were coming.

In the forest a chickadee was sitting on a branch. He could not fly away because his wing was broken.

"Dear birch," he said, "let me hide among your golden leaves. The autumn wind blows, and I am cold, so cold!"

"No, indeed," said the birch. "I cannot let you do that. You might hurt my buds, or my beautiful dress."

The little bird was shivering with the cold. He hopped over to the strong oak.

"Dear oak," he begged, "let me hide among your scarlet branches. It is very cold, and I am lame."

But the oak answered, "You cannot stay here. You might steal my acorns, and soil my beautiful dress. Go away at once."

Then the poor chickadee crept to the willow beside the brook.

"Kind willow," he said, "let me creep in among your yellow leaves, or I shall freeze."

But the willow answered, "I do not know you. What would the other trees think if they should see you among my branches?"

The bird went to all the trees in the forest, begging for a home, but not one would let him stay. At last he came to the spruce, pine, and juniper trees, but he could not speak, he was so cold.

When the spruce saw him, she said, "Come here, you poor chick. Come under my soft thick branches and warm yourself."

The pine said, "My branches are not so thick as the spruce's, but I will keep away the cold north wind."

And then the pine stretched out its long arms and helped the spruce to protect the poor, shivering bird.

"When you are hungry," said the juniper, "come to me. I have soft berries, and you shall have all you can eat."

So the chickadee received food and shelter, and was warm and happy.

The night was very cold, and the north wind blew fiercely.

In the morning the birch, oak, and willow had lost their dresses of red and gold.

But the trees that had given the poor little chickadee food and shelter were green and lovely in the sunlight. And they are green to this day, — ever-green.

— Anna von Rydingsvärd. (*Adapted.*)

THE FIREFLY SONG

The little Indian children are dancing and singing before the wigwam.

What a strange song!

See them jump up and clap their hands, nodding their heads as they sing.

The sun has set, and the stars are beginning to twinkle in the blue sky.

In the meadow the lamps of the fireflies are shining. The fairies lighted them just now in the bushes by the brook-side.

Now they are twinkling in the tall grass and bushes. They make the trees look like Christmas trees glowing with tiny candles.

The children are forming a half circle as they sing. They take hold of hands and bow to each other.

One little boy has feathers in his hair. He is the chief, and the other children do as he bids them.

"Come," says little Blue Feather, "come to the meadow with me. We will each have a fairy lamp to-night.

"Sing softly! Dance slowly!

"Come, little White Wing. You shall have a fairy lamp. It is time for you to go to bed. We will catch a firefly to light you to sleep."

The children step lightly and sing softly, dancing down to the meadow. The little lights twinkle in the bushes.

Here is a lamp. There is a lamp. Who will be the first to catch one?

Oh, Blue Feather has one now!

"Open your hand, White Wing," he says. "I have a lamp for you. Be very careful. Do not hurt the tiny firefly.

"Now run home and go to bed. He will shine while you go to sleep."

The children dance in the moonlight, singing their song softly to the fireflies.

Now and then one of them catches a fairy lamp to light him to bed.

—Etta Austin Blaisdell.

"Firefly, firefly, bright little thing,
Light me to bed, and my song I will sing;
Give me your light, as you fly o'er my head,
That I may merrily go to my bed.
Give me your light o'er the grass as you creep,
That I may joyfully go to my sleep.

"Come, little firefly! Come, little beast!
Come, and I'll make you to-morrow a feast.
Come, little candle, that flies as I sing,
Bright little fairy bug, — night's little king;
Come, and I'll dance as you guide me along,
Come, and I'll pay you, firefly, with a song."

THE THREE WISHES

I

Once upon a time there were three men who were traveling through the forest.

They were going to the same place, so they thought they would go together.

One of the men was a merchant. He had cloth to sell, and he carried it in a bundle on his back.

"I have to sell this cloth so cheap that I do not make any money," he said.

Still he went from city to city selling his cloth.

The second man was a carpenter.

"No one can build better houses than I do," he said, and it must have been true, for he said so himself.

The third man was a wood-chopper.

That is very hard work, so the wood-chopper had given away his ax, and was trying to get rich without work.

After they had traveled two or three miles, they sat down to rest.

Soon an old woman came out of the forest. She sat down under a tree and began talking to the men about their work.

Each man said his work was the hardest in the world.

"You may not always think so," said the old woman. "If you could have just what you want, you might not be satisfied."

"Oh, yes," said the merchant. "If I could have one wish, I know I should be satisfied."

"What would you wish?" asked the old woman.

"I would wish," said the merchant, "that everything I pull would grow long. Then I could pull one yard of cloth into fifty."

"That would not suit me," said the wood-chopper. "I would be satisfied if everything I struck fell apart. Then I could cut down all the trees in this forest in a few hours."

"Now I will tell my wish," said the carpenter. "I wish that everything I put together would be as firm as a rock."

"Those are simple wishes," said the wood-chopper.

"I do not believe you would be satisfied with them," said the old woman, taking up her basket and cane.

"Oh, yes, we should," they cried together.

"If you think so, you shall have your wishes," said the old woman.

"All that you pull shall grow long," she said, waving her cane before the merchant.

"All that you strike shall fall apart," and she pointed to the wood-chopper.

"All that you put together shall be as firm as a rock," she said to the carpenter.

Then she waved her cane three times and disappeared.

"She was a queer old woman," said the merchant. "Which way did she go?"

But the wood-chopper and the carpenter could not tell him.

II

"What if our wishes did come true!" said the wood-chopper.

He struck his hand against a tree, and it fell to the ground! He struck the log, and it fell apart!

Then the carpenter took two pieces of the wood and fitted them together. They stuck as firm as a rock.

The merchant took a yard of cloth out of his bundle and pulled it into ten yards in two minutes.

All three shouted and tossed up their caps.

"Now we shall be happy. Now we shall be rich," they said.

Just then a fly lighted on the merchant's nose. He brushed it away, but he happened to pull his nose a little.

It began to grow long, oh, so long! It grew two inches, three inches!

The wood-chopper saw it and began to laugh

and slap his knee with his hand. But his leg broke off at the knee and fell to the ground.

The carpenter was so surprised that he shouted and clapped his hands. Then his hands were stuck together as firm as a rock.

You cannot think how funny the three men looked, standing there in the forest.

The merchant tried to push back his nose, but it was impossible.

The wood-chopper tried to rise, but he could not stand up with only one leg.

The carpenter ran about, pulling at his hands, but he could not get them apart.

"How stupid we were!" they all agreed.

"If I could only be as I was before," said the carpenter, "I could go to work and earn a good living."

The others thought so, too, and wished with all their hearts that it might be so.

But I do not know whether the little old woman came back to give them another wish.

Perhaps they are in the forest watching for her now.

—Anna von Rydingsvärd. (*Adapted.*)

THE PIG BROTHER

There was once a little boy who was untidy. He left his books on the floor, and his muddy boots on the table. He was really very untidy.

One day the Tidy Angel went into his nursery.

"This will never do!" said the Angel. "This room is too untidy for a boy to live in. You must go out and stay with your brother. I will put away your playthings and sweep the floor."

"I have no brother!" said the child.

"Yes, you have," said the Angel. "You may not know him, but he will know you.

"Go out in the garden and watch for him. He will soon come."

"I haven't any brother," said the child. But he went out into the garden.

Very soon a squirrel came along, whisking his tail.

"Are you my brother?" asked the child.

The squirrel looked at him with his little bright eyes.

"No, indeed!" he said. "My fur is clean and smooth, my nest is well made, and I am teaching my little ones to gather nuts. How can you ask such a question?"

He whisked off, and the child waited.

In a little while a wren came hopping by.

"Are you my brother?" asked the child.

"No, indeed!" said the wren. "You will find no one tidier than I am in the whole garden. Not a feather is out of place, and my eggs are smooth and beautiful.

"Your brother! The very idea!"

He hopped away, and the child waited.

By and by a large Tommy Cat came along.

"Are you my brother?" asked the child.

"Go and look at yourself in the glass," said the Tommy Cat, "and you will know well enough.

"I have been washing myself in the sun all

the morning. There is no one as dirty as you are in my family, I am happy to say." He walked on, waving his tail, and the child waited.

Very soon a pig came trotting along.

"Hello, brother!" he grunted.

"I am not your brother," said the child.

"Oh, yes, you are!" said the pig. "I know you must live in the pig-pen in the orchard.

"Come along, and have a good roll with me in the barn-yard. There is some lovely black mud there."

"I don't like to roll in mud," said the child.

"Tell that to the hens!" said the pig brother. "Look at your hands, and your shoes, and your coat.

"Come along, I say. You may have some of my supper, if there is more than I want."

"I don't want any of your supper," said the little boy, and he began to cry.

Just then the Tidy Angel came out.

"Your play-room is clean now," she said. "It must stay so. Will you go with your Pig Brother, or will you come with me and be a tidy child?"

"With you, with you!" cried the child, and he clung to the Angel's dress.

The pig brother grunted.

"There will be all the more supper for me!" he said, and he trotted on.

—Laura E. Richards. (*Adapted.*)

LULLABY CASTLE

Lullaby Castle is strong and high,
With turrets that soar to the purple sky.
Lullaby Castle is strong and deep,
With moat and drawbridge and donjon-keep;
And the stairs wind up, and the stairs wind down
At Lullaby Castle in By-low Town.

All the babies of all the world —
Babies straight-haired and babies curled —
Babies dark-skinned and babies fair,
All the babies from everywhere,
Black-eyed, and blue-eyed, and gray-eyed, and brown,
Know Lullaby Castle in By-low Town.

When the long day drops to its sleepy hour,
When the petals close in the little flower,
Over the draw-bridge and through the gate,
Some of them early and some of them late,
Along the corridor — up the stair —
To the big, big bed-room of "otherwhere,"
The beautiful room so warm and white,
Where the star lamps shine with a softened light,
The babies go to their nests of down,
At Lullaby Castle in By-low Town.

— Blanche M. Channing.

BABY'S LULLABY

One little, two little, three little sheep,
Down where the clover grows rich and deep —
Three little sheep in the purple clover,
Count them, Baby, over and over —
Four little, five little, six little sheep,
Where the sweet blossoms grow thick and deep —
Seven little, eight little, nine little sheep,
Nibbling heads of the purple clover —
Hush! the baby is fast asleep,
And so the counting is over!

— Blanche M. Channing.

THE LITTLE OLD MAN WHO LIVED IN THE WELL

I

Once upon a time there was a little old man who lived in a well.

He was a very little old man, and the well was very deep.

The only reason that he lived in the well was because he could not get out. What better reason could he have?

He had long white hair, a long red nose, and a long green coat.

This was all he had in the world, except a three-legged stool, a large iron kettle, and a cook.

There was not room enough in the well for the cook. She lived on the ground above, and cooked the little old man's dinner and supper in the iron kettle.

She lowered them down to him in the bucket. The little old man sat on the three-legged stool and ate whatever the cook sent down to him.

One day the cook could not find anything for the old man's dinner. She looked high and she looked low, but not a thing could she find.

This made her very unhappy, so she sat down beside the well and began to cry.

Her tears fell into the well so fast that the little old man thought it was raining.

He put up a red umbrella to keep himself dry. He borrowed it, of course, but I cannot tell you where, because I do not know.

II

Just then a strange man came down the road.

When he saw the cook sitting by the well and weeping, he stopped and asked her what was the matter.

"I am weeping," said the cook, "because I cannot find anything for my master's dinner."

"And who is your master?" asked the young man.

"He is a little old man, and he lives down in this well," replied the cook.

"What a strange place to live," said the young man. "Why does he live there?"

"I do not know," answered the cook. "I never asked him."

"I should like to see him," said the young man. "What does he look like?"

"I have never seen him," said the cook. "I came to work for him after he had gone down to live in the well."

"Does he like to have visitors?"

"I don't know," said the cook. "He has never had any since I have been here."

"I think I will go down and see him," said the young man, "if you will let me down in the bucket."

"But suppose he should think you are his dinner, and eat you up?"

"I am not afraid of that. I can take care of myself. "Get some radishes for his dinner," he added. "I had nothing but radishes for my dinner, and they were very good, too."

"What are radishes?" the cook called after him, as she let him down in the bucket.

"Long red things, with green leaves!" he shouted.

Then in a moment he found himself at the bottom of the well.

III

The little old man was delighted to see him.

"I have lived here forty years," he said, "and have never had a visitor before."

"Why do you live down here?" asked the young man.

"Because I cannot get out," replied the little old man.

"But how did you get down here in the first place?"

"It is so long ago," said the old man, "that I do not remember. I think I must have come down in the bucket."

"Then why don't you go *up* in the bucket?" asked the visitor.

The little old man jumped up from the three-legged stool and threw his arms around the young man's neck.

"My dear friend," he cried with joy, "thank you, thank you! I never thought of it before. I will go up at once. Will you excuse me?"

"Certainly," said the young man. "Go up first, and I will follow you."

The little old man got into the bucket and was drawn up to the top of the well.

When the cook saw his long red nose and his long green coat, she said to herself, "This must be a radish. How lucky I am!"

So she seized the little old man by the hair of his head and put him into the kettle to cook for his own dinner.

She was just going to put the kettle over the fire when she heard the young man calling to her.

She had forgotten that he was in the well, but she ran quickly and let down the bucket.

When the young man came up he looked all around. "Where is your master?" he said.

"Where should he be?" said the cook. "He is at the bottom of the well, of course, where you left him."

"What do you mean?" said the young man. "He has just come up in the bucket."

"Oh," cried the cook, "was that my master?

I thought he was a radish, and was just going to boil him."

She ran to the kettle and took off the cover. There sat the old man, winking and blinking.

"What happened to me? Where am I?" he cried. "Put me back in the well at once."

"I thought you were a radish," the cook began to say.

"Don't stop to talk. Put me back at once," shrieked the little old man.

So the cook picked him up and put him into the bucket.

The young man lowered him into the well.

"Send down my dinner!" shouted the little old man, and he jumped out of the bucket and sat on the three-legged stool, glad to be home again at the bottom of the well.

— Laura E. Richards. (*Adapted.*)

THE CAKE

Once a Cake would go to seek his fortune in the world. He took leave of the pan he was baked in.

"I know what will happen to me," said the cake. "I must be eaten, since that is what I was made for.

"I am a good cake, if I do say it myself, and I prefer to choose the one who is to eat me."

"I do not see what difference it makes to you," said the Pan.

"You have no imagination," said the Cake.

"Huh!" said the Pan.

The Cake went on his way.

Soon he passed a cottage where a woman was spinning at the door. Her ten children were playing around her.

"Oh!" said the woman, "what a beautiful cake!" and she put out her hand to take him.

"Please wait a moment," said the Cake.

"OH!" SAID THE WOMAN, "WHAT A BEAUTIFUL CAKE!"

"Tell me what you would do with me if I should give myself to you."

"I shall break you into ten pieces," said the woman, "and give one piece to each of my children. So you will give ten pleasures, and that is a good thing."

"Oh, that would be very nice, I am sure," said the Cake. "But your children's hands seem dirty, and I should like to keep my frosting clean. I think I will go a little farther."

"As you wish!" said the woman. "After all, a loaf of bread is better for the children."

So the Cake went on his way.

He met a fair child, richly dressed, with red lips and bright blue eyes.

When the child saw the Cake he said, "Oh, what a beautiful cake!" and put out his hands to take it.

"I am sure I should be most happy to give myself to you," said the Cake, "but please tell me with whom you will share me."

"I shall not share you with any one," said the child. "I shall eat you myself, every crumb."

"Oh, dear!" cried the Cake. "This will never do. Think how large I am. You would be very ill!"

"I do not care," said the child. "I shall eat every crumb of you myself."

"This is terrible," cried the Cake. "I would rather go back to the woman with the ten children!"

He turned and ran back, leaving the child crying by the road-side.

As he ran, a hungry puppy met him. The puppy swallowed him in one mouthful, and went on, licking his chops and wagging his tail.

"Huh!" said the Pan.

—Laura E. Richards. (*Adapted.*)

THE GIANT'S GARDEN

I

Every afternoon, when the children were going home from school, they used to go to play in the giant's garden.

It was a lovely garden with soft green grass. Here and there, over the grass, were beautiful flowers like stars, and there were twelve peach trees.

In the spring these trees had lovely blossoms of pink and white, and in the autumn they bore rich fruit.

The birds sat on the trees and sang so sweetly that the children used to stop their games to listen to them.

"How happy we are here!" they said to each other.

One day the giant came back. He had been to visit his friend, the ogre, and had stayed with him for seven years.

When he reached home he saw the children playing in the garden.

"What are you doing there?" he cried in a very gruff voice, and the children ran away.

"My own garden is my own garden," said the giant; "I will not allow any one to play in it but myself."

So he built a high wall all around it, and put up a big sign:—

KEEP OUT

He was a very selfish giant.

The poor children had nowhere to play now. They tried to play on the road, but it was dusty and full of stones.

They used to walk around the high wall and talk about the beautiful garden inside.

"How happy we were there," they said to each other.

II

Then the Spring came.

All over the country there were singing birds and beautiful blossoms.

In the garden of the selfish Giant it was still winter.

The birds did not care to sing in it, as there were no children, and the trees forgot to blossom.

Once a pretty flower put her head out from the grass. When she saw the big sign she was so sorry for the children that she slipped back into the ground again, and went off to sleep.

The only people who were pleased were the Snow and the Frost.

"Spring has forgotten this garden," they cried, "so we will live here all the year round."

The Snow covered up the grass with her great white cloak, and the Frost painted all the trees silver.

Then they invited the North Wind to stay with them, and he came at once.

He was dressed in furs, and he roared all day around the garden, and blew the chimneys down.

"This is a delightful spot," he said; "we must ask the Hail on a visit." So the Hail came.

Every day for three hours he rattled on the roof of the castle. Then he ran round and round the garden as fast as he could go.

He was dressed in gray, and his breath was like ice.

The selfish Giant sat at the window and looked out at his cold white garden.

"I cannot understand why the Spring is so late in coming," he said. "I hope there will soon be a change in the weather."

But the Spring never came, nor the Summer.

The Autumn gave golden fruit to every other garden, but to the Giant's garden she gave none.

"He is too selfish," she said.

So it was always winter there. The North Wind and the Hail and the Frost and the Snow danced about through the trees all the year round.

III

One morning when the Giant was lying in bed he heard some lovely music.

It sounded so sweet that he thought it must be the King's musicians passing by.

It was really only a little linnet singing outside his window. It was so long since he had heard a bird sing that it seemed to him the most beautiful music in the world.

Then the Hail stopped dancing over his head.

The North Wind stopped roaring, and a sweet perfume came to him through the open window.

"I believe the Spring has come at last," said the Giant; and he jumped out of bed and looked out of the window.

What did he see?

He saw a most wonderful sight. All the little children had crept in through a hole in the wall.

They were sitting in the branches of the trees. In every tree there was a child.

The trees were so glad to have the children back again that they had covered themselves with blossoms.

The birds were flying about and singing with delight. The flowers were looking up through the green grass and smiling.

In one corner it was still winter.

It was the farthest corner of the garden, and in it a little boy was standing.

He was so small that he could not reach up to the branches of the tree, so he was walking all around it, crying bitterly.

The poor tree was still covered with frost and snow, and the North Wind was roaring above it.

"Climb up, little boy," said the tree, and it

bent down its branches as low as it could, but the boy was too tiny.

The Giant's heart melted as he looked out.

"How selfish I have been!" he said. "Now I know why the Spring would not come here.

"I will put that poor little boy on the top of the tree. Then I will knock down the wall, and my garden shall be a play-ground for the children for ever and ever."

He was really very sorry for what he had done. He crept downstairs and opened the front door quite softly. Then he went out into the garden.

When the children saw him they were so frightened that they all ran away.

At once it was winter again in the garden.

The little boy did not run away, for his eyes were so full of tears that he could not see the Giant coming.

The Giant crept up behind him. He took him up gently in one hand, and put him up among the branches of the tree.

Then the tree broke into blossoms, and the birds came and sang in it.

The little boy stretched out his two arms and threw them around the Giant's neck and kissed him.

When the other children saw that the Giant was not wicked any longer, they came running back. With them came the Spring.

"It is your garden now, little children," said the Giant. Then he took a great ax and knocked down the wall.

When the people were going to market at twelve o'clock they found the Giant playing with the children in the most beautiful garden they had ever seen.

— SELECTED.

A GOOD BOY

I woke before the morning,
I was happy all the day,
I never said an ugly word,
But smiled and kept at play.

And now at last the sun
Is going down behind the wood,
And I am very happy,
For I know that I've been good.

My bed is waiting, cool and fresh,
With linen smooth and fair,
And I must off to slumber land,
And not forget my prayer.

Then sleep will hold me tightly
Till I waken at the dawn,
And hear the robins singing
In the lilacs round the lawn.

—Robert Louis Stevenson.

GOOD-NIGHT SONG

Good night, Sun! go to bed!
Take your crown from your shining head.
Now put on your gray night cap,
And shut your eyes for a good long nap.

Good night, Sky, bright and blue!
Not a wink of sleep for you.
You must watch us all the night,
With your twinkling eyes so bright.

Good night, Flowers! now shut up
Every swinging bell and cup.
Take your sleeping-draught of dew:
Pleasant dreams to all of you!

Good night, Birds, that sweetly sing!
Little head 'neath little wing!
Every leaf upon the tree
Soft shall sing your lullaby.

Last to you, little Child,
Sleep is coming soft and mild.
Now he shuts your blue eyes bright:
Little Baby, dear, good night!

— Laura E. Richards.

THE POT OF GOLD

I

THE FLOWER GARDEN

The Flower Family lived in a little house in a broad, grassy meadow.

In front of the house a tiny brook rippled down to the river. Across the brook rose a lovely dark green mountain.

Every time there was a rainbow over the mountain the Flower Family ran to their windows and doors to look at it.

In the Flower Family there were Father Flower, Mother Flower, and the seven Flower children.

Father Flower was a poet, Mother Flower was a dear, kind mother, and the Flower children were as sweet as lilies and pinks and roses.

The house was very pretty. It was built of logs, and was covered with beautiful vines. Inside it was as neat as a new pin.

All around the house were flower beds, for Father Flower sold flowers in the market. All the children were glad to help their father in the garden.

Flax Flower was the oldest child. She had to work very hard taking care of the Flower children and the flower garden.

But she was very happy, for she loved her brothers and sisters, and she liked to help her father and mother.

One day there was a heavy shower, and after the rain was over and the sun came out there was a beautiful rainbow in the sky.

Flax and her father were out in the garden tying up the rose-bushes, which had been blown over by the wind. They looked up and saw the rainbow over the mountain.

"I wish I could find the Pot of Gold at the foot of that rainbow," said Father Flower.

"What is that?" asked Flax Flower, for she had never heard of the Pot of Gold.

So her father told her all about it, and made a little poem for her.

This is the poem he made: —

Oh, what is it shining so golden-clear,
At the rainbow's foot, on the dark green hill?
'Tis the Pot of Gold that for many a year
Has shone and is shining and glittering still.

Flax listened to the poem, with her pretty blue eyes wide open.

"If we should find that Pot of Gold, Father, it would make us very rich, wouldn't it?" she asked.

"Yes," said her father; "we could have a large house, and hire a gardener and a maid. But we shall never find it, my dear."

"Why couldn't we run fast when we see the rainbow, and get the Pot of Gold?" asked Flax.

"We couldn't possibly reach it before the rainbow had faded away," said her father.

"I suppose that is so," said Flax; but she could not help thinking of it as she tied up the roses.

II

THE SHOWER

The very next time there was a shower and a rainbow Flax looked at it carefully.

She saw that one end of the rainbow seemed to touch the ground at the foot of the pine tree on the side of the mountain.

It was a very tall pine tree, and Flax knew just where it grew. She had often been there to look for ferns.

She could not tell just where the other end of the rainbow was.

"I will try the end where the pine tree is, first," said Flax to herself, "because that will be the easiest end to find.

"If the Pot of Gold is not there I will try to find the other end."

A few days later it was very hot, and at noon there were dark clouds in the sky.

"I think we are going to have a shower this

afternoon," said Father Flower, when he came in to dinner.

After the dinner dishes were washed, and the baby rocked to sleep, Flax said to her mother, "May I go for a walk this afternoon?"

"Where do you wish to go?" asked Mother Flower.

"I would like to go over to the mountain and gather some wild flowers," replied Flax.

"I think it is going to rain, child, and you will get wet."

"That will not hurt me any, Mother," said Flax, with a laugh. "That will make me grow."

"Well, you may go," said her mother. "But do not go very far."

So Flax braided her hair and tied it with a blue ribbon. She put on her blue gingham dress and her blue sunbonnet. Then she looked just like a sweet little flower.

She crossed the brook and went into the woods on the side of the mountain.

Everything was still and dark in the woods. The trees knew about the storm that was coming.

Now and then Flax heard the leaves talking in queer little voices. She stopped and listened.

The maple leaves were whispering: —

"Oh! what is it shining so golden-clear,
At the rainbow's foot, on the dark green hill?"

And the pine needles answered: —

"'Tis the Pot of Gold that for many a year
Has shone and is shining and glittering still."

They kept on saying this over and over, as

she ran along. She was going straight to the tall pine tree.

Now the rain-drops began to splash through the green boughs, and the thunder rolled along the sky.

Flax ran through the wind and the rain. She was afraid she would not reach the tall pine before the sun shone out again.

The sun was already breaking through the clouds when she came in sight of it. The drops of rain on the trees began to shine like diamonds.

Red and green and golden rays were shining through the branches. The leaves were singing joyfully: —

"Oh, what is it shining so golden-clear?"

III

THE POT OF GOLD

At last Flax reached the pine tree, and just at that moment the rainbow arched over the mountain.

There at the foot of the wonderful arch was the Pot of Gold. It was brighter than all the brightness of the rainbow.

Flax sank down and put her hand on it.

As she sat there at the foot of the rainbow, with her hand on the Pot of Gold, she could hear the leaves singing louder and louder.

The rainbow slowly faded away, but the Pot of Gold remained, shining brighter than ever.

Flax bent over it and raised the cover. She thought it would be full of golden coins

But when she looked in, the first thing she saw was her mother's face. It was smaller, of course, but just the same kind, loving face.

As she looked longer, she saw her father smiling up at her. Then came Poppy, and Rose, and the baby, and all the rest of her brothers and sisters.

At last she saw the garden, and her father tying up the roses.

She saw the vine-covered house, and through the window she saw her mother holding the baby in her lap.

Flax jumped up quickly.

"I must run home," she cried. "It must be late, and I do want to see them all so much."

So she left the Pot of Gold shining at the foot of the pine tree, and ran home through the woods.

When she crossed the brook it was twilight, but her father was still in the garden.

She ran up to him and kissed him. She was never so glad to see him before in all her life.

"Dear Father," she cried, "how glad I am to see you. I found the Pot of Gold at the foot of the rainbow. But it was not full of gold, after all.

"You were in it, and Mother, and the children, and the house, and the garden."

"You must be mistaken, dear," said her father. "You could not have found the true end of the rainbow, nor the true Pot of Gold. That is surely full of gold and jewels."

"But I am sure that I did find it," said Flax.

"You had better run into the house," said Father Flower. "Your mother will be glad to know that you are home again."

So Flax went into the house. There sat her mother, with the baby in her lap, just as she had seen her in the Pot of Gold.

Flax had never been so glad to see them. She hugged them and kissed them both many times.

"I found the Pot of Gold at the end of the rainbow, Mother," she said.

"But it was not full of gold at all. You, and Father, and the children looked out of it at me. I saw our home and the garden, too."

Her mother looked at her lovingly. "Yes, Flax dear," she said.

"But Father said I was mistaken," said Flax.

"Well, dear," said her mother, "your father is a poet, and very wise. We will say no more about it.

"You may sit here and hold the baby while I make the tea."

So Flax sat down with her darling baby brother crowing in her lap, and watched her brothers and sisters and her dear mother.

She felt so happy that she did not care whether she had found the true Pot of Gold at the end of the rainbow or not.

But, do you know, I think her father was mistaken, and she had found it, after all.

— Mary E. Wilkins. (*Abridged and adapted.*)

PRONOUNCING KEY AND WORD LIST

THE words in this list are divided into syllables and marked according to Webster's International Dictionary. The list includes all the more difficult words in the text which have not been used in the first book of this series.

ā	gāte	ê=ă	thêre	ū	ūse	o͡w	co͡w
ă	băt	e͟=ā	the͟y	ŭ	cŭp	c	can
ä	cär			u̇	fru̇it	ç	çent
a̤	ba̤ll	ī	pīne	û	fûr	g	get
â	câre	ĭ	pĭn	u̇	fu̇ll	ġ	ġem
å	åsk	ĩ	sĩr			s	so
a̤	wha̤t			ȳ	mȳ	s̱	as̱
a̲	anima̲l	ō	nōte	ў	citў	n̲	in̲k
å	senåte	ŏ	nŏt	o͞o	bo͞ot	th	think
		o̤	do̤	o͝o	fo͝ot	t͟h	t͟hem
ē	wē	o̤	wo̤lf	o͡i	o͡il		
ĕ	gĕt	ȯ	sȯn	o͟y	bo͟y		
ẽ	hẽr	ô	ôr	o͡u	o͡ut		

The silent letters are printed in italic.

ā′côrn
ȧ crŏss′
ădd′ĕd
ȧ frā*i*d′
ăl low′
ȧ lōn*e*′
a̤l rĕ*a*d′ў
A mĕr′ĭ ca̤
ȧ mȯng′
ān′ġĕl
ăn′s*w*ẽr
a ny wā*y*
(ĕn′ў)
ȧ pärt′
ärch*e*d
ärm′fṳl
ăr′rȯ*w*
ăs′tẽr
a̤*u*′gŭst
a̤*u*′tŭm*n*
ȧ wāk*e*′
ȧ wā*y*′
a̤*w*′fṳl
ăx

bâr*e*
bāth′ĭng
bē*a*st
bė̇ ca̤*u*ş*e*′
bė̇ cȯm*e*′
bēēf
bė̇ l*i*ēv*e*′
bė̇ lŏng*e*d′

bĩrch
bĭt′tẽr lў
blăck′smĭth
blăn̲′kĕt
blŏs′sȯmş
bō*a*sts
bŏr′rȯ*w*ed
bos′ȯm (bo͝oz)
bōth
bou*gh*ş
bow′ẽrş
brā*i*d′ĕd
brănch′ĕş
brĕ*a*th
brēēz*e*
brĭ*d*ġ*e*
brŭsh*e*d
bŭck′ĕt
bŭn′dl*e*
bū′reau (rȯ)
bṳsh′ĕş
bŭt′tẽr cŭps
bŭt′tẽr flīeş
bŭzz*e*d

căb′ĭn
căm′ĕl
cămp
căn′dleş
căn′dў
cān*e*
câr*e*′fṳl
cär′pĕn tẽr

căs′*t*l*e*
ca̤*ugh*t
cāv*e*
çẽr′t*a*ĭn lў
chānġ′ĭng
chās*e*
chăt′tẽr*e*d
chē*a*p
chēēks
chē*e*r
chĕst′nŭt
chĭck′ȧ dēē
ch*i*ēf
chĭps
chŏc′ȯ lȧ̇t*e*
chŏp′pẽr
çĩr′cl*e*
clē*a*r
clīm*b*ed
clō*a*k
clŏck
clōş*e*
clŏth
clou̯dş
clō′vẽr
cŏb′wĕb
coi̯n
cȯm′pȧ nў
cŏn tĕnt′ĕd
côr′nẽr
cŏr′rĭ dŏr
cŏt′tȧġ*e*
cŏt′t*o*n

cou̯nt
co*ŭ*n′trў
co*ŭ*r′ȧġ*e*
cȯv′ẽrş
cow′slĭps
crăck
crā′dl*e*
crē*a*′tu̇r*e*
crĕpt
crŏss*e*d
crow̯n
crŭm*b*
crŭm′bl*e*
crŭsh*e*d
cŭd′dl*e*d
cûrl′ў
cûr′t*a*ĭn

dā*i*′şĭeş
dān′dė̇ lī′ȯn
där′lĭng
därt′ĭng
da̤*w*n′ĭng
dĕ*a*d
dē*a*l
Dē çĕm′bẽr
dĕck
dē lī*gh*t′ĕd
dew′*e*ў (dū)
dī′ȧ mȯnd
dĩrt′ў
dĭs′ăp pē*a*r
dȯn′jȯn

dōor′wā*y*
dȯth
do*u*̆′bl*e*
dȯv*e*
d*ow*n′y̆
drăg
drăn̲k
draught (drȧft)
dra*w*′bri*dg*e
dra*w*′ẽr
dra*w*n
drēa*m*
drŏp
dŭst′y̆
dȳed

ē*a*ch
ẽ*a*rth
ē*a*′si̲ ĕst
ē*a*t′*e*n
*ei*ght
ĕls*e*
ĕnd
ē nough′ (nŭf)
ĕx cūse′

fād′ĕd
fā*i*n
fâ*i*r′ĭe̲s̲
făm′ĭ lў
fă*s*′t*e*ned
fē*a*st
fĕ*a*th′ẽr
fẽrn
fi*e*̄rçe′lў
fĭf′tў
fĭn̲′gẽr
fīr
fīr*e*′flīe̲s̲
fīrm
fläu*n*t
flēē′çў
flōor
flō*w*n
flŭt′tẽred
fō*l*ks
fo͝o͝t′prĭnt
fŏr′ĕst
fŏr ĕv′ẽr
fŏr gĕt′
fŏr gŏt′t*e*n
fôr′tū*n*e
fôr′tў
fou*n*′ta*i*n
fre*ei*ght
frĕsh
fri*e*̆nd′lў
frī*ght*′e*n*ed
frĭn′ġĕ̆s̲
frŏg
frŏl′ĭc sȯm*e*
frŏst
frō′z*e*n
fru̇it
fŭn′nĭ ĕst
fûr

fŭz′zў

găn′dẽr
gär′d*e*n ẽr
gā*t*e
găth′ẽr ĭng
ġī′a̲nt
gĭng′*h*a̲m
glĭs′t*e*ned
glō′rĭ o*u*̆s
gō*a*t
gōld′ĕn rŏd
gŏn*e*
gŏs̲′lĭngs̲
grā*i*n
grănd′fä′thẽr
grā*p*es
grȧss′hŏp′pẽr
grā*y*
gre*a*̄t
grow*n*′ĭng
grŭnt′ĕd

hā*i*l
hä*lf*
hä*lf*′wā*y*′
hăp′p*e*ned
hărd′ĕst
härk
hĕ*a*v′y̆
hĭd′d*e*n
hĭn′ġĕ̆s̲
hĭr*e*
hōl*e*
hŏl′ĭ dā*y*
hŏl′lō*w*
hōme′sĭck
hŭff*e*d
hŭn̲′grў
hûrt
hŭs̲′ba*n*d
hŭsh
hȳ′a̲ çĭnth

ī′çĭ cle̲s̲
ī′dl*e*
ĭm ăġ ĭ nā′tion (shŭn)
ĭm pŏs′sĭ bl*e*
ĭnch′ĕ̆s̲
ĭn sīd*e*′
ĭn′tẽr ĕst ĭng
ī*s*′la̲nd

jĕl′lў
jew′ĕl (jū)
jŏl′lў
jo*u*̂r′ne*y*̆
joy′fu̲l lў
jū*i*′çў
jūn′ĭ pẽr

kẽr′nĕls̲
kĕt′tl*e*
kĭss′ĭng

kĭt′ten
knēē
knŏck′ĭng
knŏt′tĭng
lāid
lāme
lămp
lāneṣ
Lärṣ
lăss
lāte
laẉn
lĕs′son
līfe
lĭl′ĭeṣ
lĭn′nĕt
lĭs′tened
loud
lȯve′lў
lȯv′ĕth
lōw′ẽred
lŭck′ў
lŭl′lȧ bīeṣ
lŭm′bẽr
lŭnch′eȯn

mȧs′tẽr
mȧt′tẽr
mĕad′ōw
mĕl′ȯ dў
mĕlt′ĕd
mẽr′chant
mĕr′rĭ lў
mĕr′rў
mĭd′nīght
mīght
mĭlk′weēd
mĭn′ute (ĭt)
mĭs tāk′ĕn
mĭt′tĕns
mōat
mŏd′ĕst
moist
mōld
mōōn′līght
moun′taĭnṣ
mouse
mouth′fụl
mŭd′dў
mū′ṣĭc
mū ṣi′cian
(shạn)

Năn ēē′
năr′rōw
naugh′tў
nēar′lў
nĕc′tar (tẽr)
nēē′dleṣ
nĕs′tle
nĕv′ẽr
nĕxt
niēçe
nŏd
noise′lĕss
noi′sў

nōōk
Nôr′wāy
nō′tĭçed
Nō vĕm′bẽr
nûrse
nûr′sẽr ў

ōak
ō′cean (shạn)
Ȯc tō′bẽr
ō′dors (dẽrṣ)
ŏf′ten
ō′gre (gẽr)
ōld′ĕst
once (wŭns)
ō′pened
ôr′chard
(chẽrd)
ȯth′ẽr
ō′vẽr

pāint
păir
pāne
păn′ṣў
pănt′ĕd
păn′trў
pȧ pōōse′
păr′rȯt
pȧth
pēach
pẽarl
pĕb′ble

pĕcked
pĕp′pẽr mĭnt
pẽr′fūme
pẽr hăps′
pĕt′ạl
pĭ ăz′zạ
piēçe
pĭl′lōw
pīne
pĭt′ў
plāin
plȧnt
plĕaṣ′ạnt
pleas′ure
(plĕzh′ûr)
plow
pō′ĕm
pō′ĕt
point′ĕd
pŏl′lĕn
pŏs′sĭ blў
pȯ tā′tȯ
prånç′ĭng
prāyed
prē fẽr′
prĕṣ′ent
prō tĕct′
pŭffed
pụlled
pŭp′pў
pûr′ple

quēēn

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